

APRIL 28 — MAY 4, 1979

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Eve's Weekly

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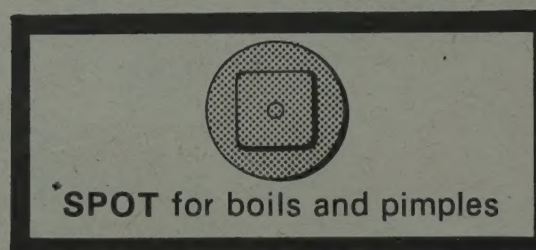
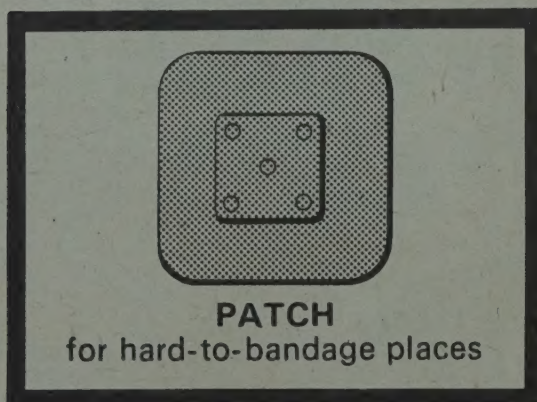
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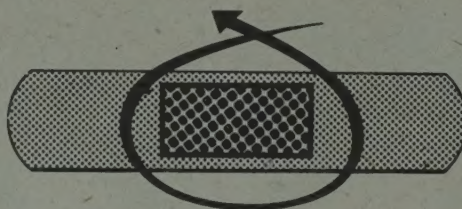
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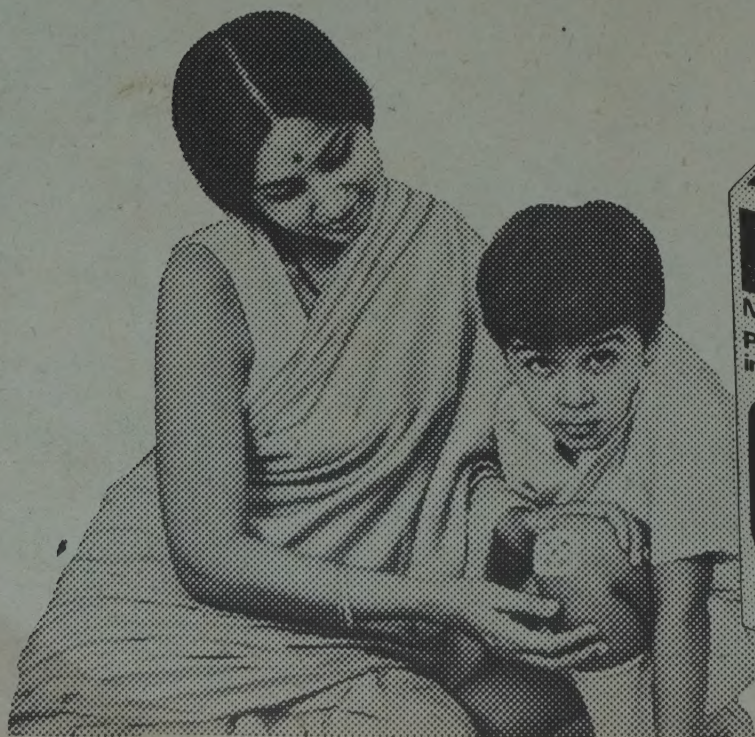
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PAYYAL BHANDARI

Born December 3, 1957. Schooled at the Mater Dei Convent, Delhi. Achieved distinction in Kathak dancing and stage dramas. After school, did one year beauticians' course at the Delhi Polytechnic. Wants to be an actress. Has already acted in a Punjabi film and has some Hindi films on hand.

Halters and cut-away styles like Payyal's on the cover are very much in fashion nowadays. Our special beauty article inside will help you keep your skin smooth and soft enough to carry them off.

Photograph: Taiyeb Badshah

THIS WEEK

APRIL 28 — MAY 4, 1979

TEACHERS AND NURSES PROTEST

At a recent, well-attended morcha, employees of hospitals and educational institutions protested against an impending Bill that they claim is an infringement upon their rights as citizens and working people. An investigation into their grievances.

Page 11.

An analysis of the Bill.

Page 12.



DALITS, OR THE OPPRESSED

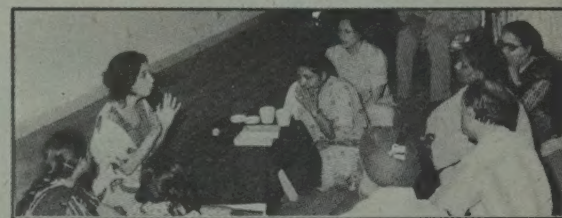
The Dalit Panther movement grew out of a quest for alternatives to the established order dictated by the caste system. A selection of Dalit poetry.

Page 15.

HEALTH FARMS

What exactly are they and what wonders do they promise?

Page 42.



CHILD MARRIAGES

The fact that they are illegal does not mean child marriages do not exist even today. People talk about experiences with child marriage.

Page 39.

ADULT LITERACY

The National Adult Education Programme, launched in October 1978, is now finding willing helpers in school children.

Page 40.

ALSO

Film Interview: Amitabh — how much longer will his peak last? — Page 21 Women in Focus: Rajni Kumar, involved in education; Seethalakshmi, entrepreneur — Page 23 Homage to Kalamkari: A colour feature — Page 24 Artist in Profile: Urmil Chadha — Page 27 Paper Pattern Instructions — Page 49 Sand Through My Fingers: Part V — Page 30.

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/7, Readers' Voice/9, Good News. . . and Bad/19, Fashion/28, Comics/32, Cookery/33, Beauty/37, Short Story/40, Passing Through/47, Frankly Speaking/51, People & Events/52, Horoscope/54.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

RAPE AND VIRGINITY

There has been much ado about the virginity test forced on Asian women by the British Immigration authorities. It was, of course, a reprehensible, callous and meaningless thing for them to have done — that, too, in a country where, statistics say, it would be rare to find a British virgin of above 15 or 16 years of age.

But don't others, besides the British Immigration officials, conduct virginity tests? In subtler, more cruel ways? How often do we see matrimonial ads. that stipulate virginity as an essential qualification of the bride-to-be. There is no corresponding confirmation that the boy has had no sexual experience. Indeed, the veriest rake may insist on marrying a virgin. The Indian male feels that every man is entitled to at least one virgin, and that preferably his bride. It is a sort of proprietorship and monopoly craving, the same feeling that made our forefathers marry off little girls of 9 and 10 years of age. Even now some communities have a form of ritual "virginity test" on the nuptial night. And woe betide the bride who has been tested and found wanting! The husband and in-laws could make life hell for her. In films, plays and novels the loss of a girl's virginity, in circumstances other than marriage, is shown as the most disastrous loss she can suffer. Why, in these days, should so much melodrama be extracted from what, after all, is the start of a normal, human, biological function in both the male and the female?

Rape, of course, is another matter and the rapists could benefit from a taste of Islamic law!

PARVATHI MENON, Kerala.

Agreed — and agreed ... both, regarding your views on virginity and on rape. This business of insisting that Indian girls must remain virgins un-

til they traverse to the marriage bed, has become an over-powering fetish. It's a "male generated" idea and is despicable because of the forms it takes to assert itself in society. What happened at Heathrow was awful — what happens here everyday is not much 'nicer'.

2nd PRIZE

THE HANGING — I

The speculation and the suspense are over — Z.A. Bhutto, former President of Pakistan, has been hanged. The opinions expressed are almost as varied as the individuals themselves. There are those who feel that politics is at best a scoundrels' game and those in it must be as prepared for punishment as for power. Others who remember Bhutto as one who betrayed the land (India) that nurtured him, see a touch of justification in the turn of events and a few feel that none can escape the law and that justice must be meted out equally to all. What is unmistakable, however, is that his terrible end has touched a secret spring of sadness in many hearts the world over. I think it is, in the main, the aversion to, and the horror of, capital punishment. Nothing so emphasises the insignificance and the littleness of Man as the fact that he may destroy life but cannot ever recall it or recreate it. From time immemorial we have fought this immutable fact by a belief in life-after-death. It makes one wonder whether capital punishment is justified even for the most heinous of crimes!

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore.

We wonder if it is merely the "aversion to capital punishment". There hasn't been much of a reaction here at the executions of the Iranian generals and ex-prime Minister. The answer may lie in the fact that Bhutto was a "known commodity". It has been reported that he had a love-

hate relationship with India. Could it not be that we had the same kind of feelings towards him that made us more closely involved (and sympathetic) in his execution?

3rd PRIZE

THE HANGING — II

The death by hanging of Mr. Bhutto has aroused the indignation of people all over the world. We have been astounded by the dastardly act, even though we were prepared for it. He may or may not have been guilty, but we would like to give him the benefit of the doubt (as we would to any other convicted person). Many other countries of the world thought so and they let their sentiments be known; that is, all except India. We have maintained official silence before and after the act. Our Prime Minister felt that a letter from India asking for clemency to be shown to Bhutto may be misconstrued — but what about a letter of condolence? We claim to be fair-minded, just people, and yet, when the whole world has protested against the drastic Islamic laws, we have kept quiet. We have belied our ideals of benevolent democracy, by not standing up against this pagan method of capital punishment. Of course, Pakistan has every right to punish her erring citizens, but what we should have registered our objection to, was the method in which it was meted out. Our silence almost indicates that we condone Zia's act — whatever the explanation our Prime Minister gives. It is a lapse on our part that should make every Indian feel ashamed.

GEETA, Nilgiris.

Let us not forget, even in death there is politics. In "big game" hunting, the methods employed are rarely clean or fair. If the Prime Minister decided not to meddle in another country's "internal affairs" — the matter rests there. Of what use now, letters of condolence?

THE FIRST TIME

Lacking the advantages of education, the unread cling with unrealistic tenacity to traditional customs, heedless of the price one may pay for blindly following. While they may be excused on grounds of ignorance, can the educated get off as lightly?

Indian tradition dictates that a woman return to her maternal home for the first delivery — it is an occasion for innumerable ceremonies and an equivalent financial drain on the parents. However, let us not forget that the delivery is first and foremost a medical event, all other priorities should take secondary place. The first delivery can often turn out to be difficult and while it is possible to foresee, with reasonable accuracy, any problems that may arise at the time, yet there are unpredictable factors that come into play at the time of delivery and expert medical help may be needed at any stage. If not readily available, at least this help should be within easy access.

This, therefore, should be the prime consideration while deciding where the baby is to be born — many have faced grief by paying scant consideration to this all-important factor.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad.

First, middle or last, is not the point. If a woman wants to "go home" for her delivery, and if she and her parents can afford it and not, in the process, hurt or inconvenience people who matter to her — well and good. But, to make it a ritual, a part and parcel of some obscure custom or tradition is plain idiotic.

After the
Women's Lib meeting...

Thirsty minds drink alike!



READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

"INDIAN WOMEN TODAY"

With reference to the review of 'Indian Women Today' (Feb. 17) I and a few of my colleagues have read the above mentioned book with keen interest. Unfortunately, your reviewer has made her personal objections to the material contained in the book rather too obvious.

The author claims she believes too strongly in the future of woman-kind to accept their thesis as valid. The future of womankind may not be precisely what the writer has in mind. What the large section of Indian women want will determine it. Most of us live up to a cultural standard set by ourselves and the social milieu in which we grow, live, work and die. How many of us can really strip ourselves of all social encrustations? 'Indian Women Today' highlights these very issues. It gives a sane and mature study of a large cross section of Indian women, their life as women and the satisfaction they get out of it.

As a professional working woman with three children I did not find the authors portraying professional women as doomed. The practical problems career imposes on women have been well brought out.

Emancipation obsessed women would do well to take an objective view of themselves and others. This would reveal the modern woman in her true colours — her areas of success and failure.

LATA MUNJAL, Bombay

BLIND BELIEF

Congratulations for publishing the article, "We watched an exorcist kill a child", by K. S. Mulgaonkar (March 17), in your magazine. This will help many a believer to shake off the idea that exorcism cures diseases. It was all the more effective because it was witnessed by qualified doctors.

Articles like this, on different subjects such as superstition, black magic etc., should be circulated to the remote corners of the country. You have shown your sense of responsibility in selecting this article and thus working towards the removal of blind belief in exorcism.

SAGARIKA BHATTACHARJEE, Howrah.

EACH ONE, REACH ONE

The article, "The Right not to be Born", by Dr. Banu J. Coyaji (March 17) was indeed thought-provoking. If this situation is not checked, soon the time will come when it will be a crime on the part of young couples to even think of having a child. But then, what is the use of accusing each other and presenting statistical reports showing the heart-moving infant mortality rate? Why can't we youngsters of India shoulder this responsibility? Why can't we accept this challenge? Let us reach the deprived ones. How? The answer lies in the theme of Rotary International, "Each one, reach one".

PINKY WANKHEDE, Nagpur.

IMAGINATIVE TOYS

With reference to the Eve's Weekly dated March 17, 1979, Alpana Chowdhury has graphically expressed the influence of toys in the moulding of a child's character and has stressed the need for toys of a more creative and educative nature. While it is true that efforts in this direction are not geared to meet the country's requirements, it is interesting to note that for the last thirty years, Kaybee School Equipment Mrg. Co., has been producing self-educative toys for children and aids for the blind and the handicapped.

Since the Montessori method inculcates learning through recreation, all the toys are designed to develop the various senses and skills of the child. Some of the toys are sensorial apparatuses, while others teach arithmetic, languages, and exercises of practical life.

LALOGUE POSTVAIA, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF MAY 5

BRIDES' SPECIAL

Our special fashion and jewellery features suggest ideas for a trousseau with a difference.

WOMEN AND ACHIEVEMENT

A significant finding in recent psychological studies is that men are more achievement-oriented than women.

Glib assumptions that this is proof of an inherent difference between men and women and that it justifies the different roles laid down for men and women in society are too facile. There are reasons behind the differences in achievement motivation and they are far from irrevocable.

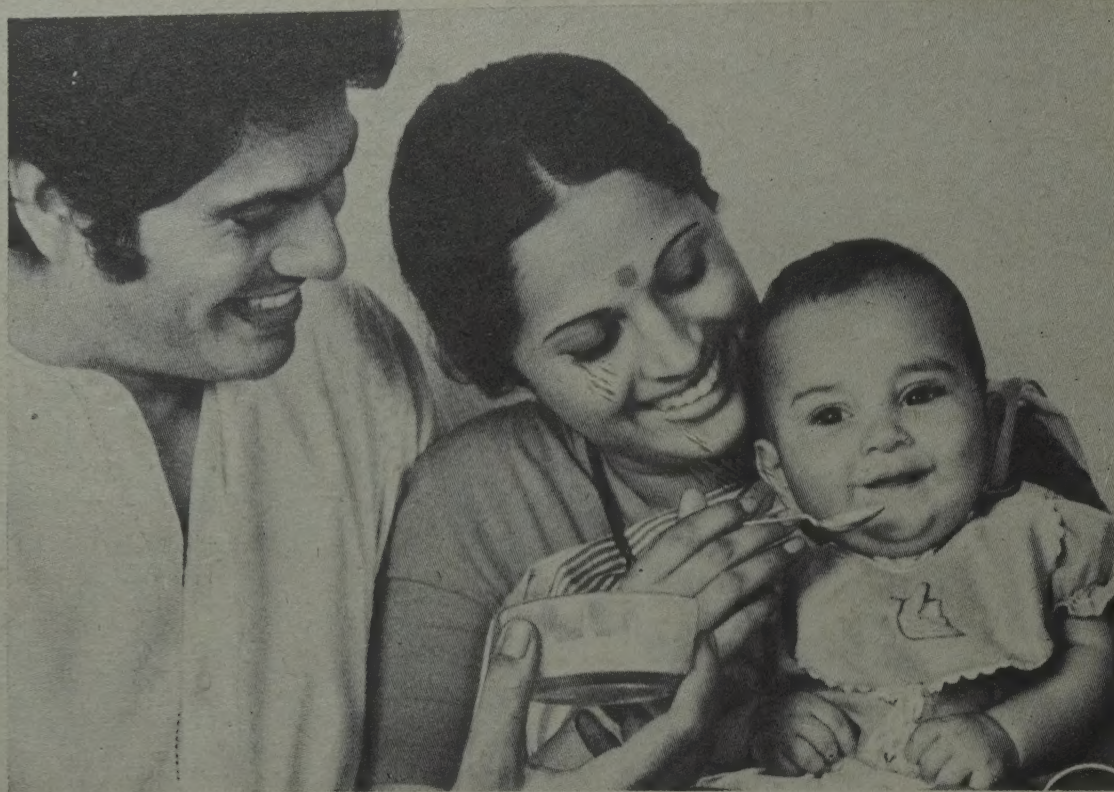
WHAT CHILDREN THINK

Kids these days have a lot to say and don't think twice about saying it! Read all about their opinions of parents, relatives and other anti-heroes!

CONSUMER AWARENESS

This month: processed baby foods under scrutiny.

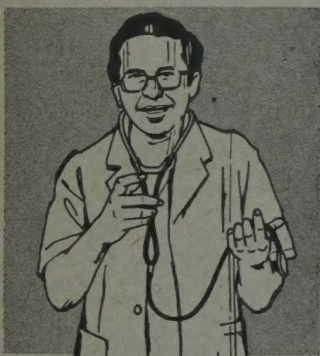
After 3 months, milk alone is not enough.



Doctors recommend

FAREX®

Your baby's ideal solid food



Doctors recommend Farex! Why?

Because it's perfectly balanced to supply your baby's needs when he starts on solid food; and it is right for baby's tender digestion.

Why is Farex perfectly balanced for baby's needs?

Let's take your baby's nutritional needs and see how Farex meets them.

Your baby needs protein for the growth of his brain and body: Farex provides the right blend of easy-to-digest protein.

Your baby needs energy: Farex provides carbohydrates to give your baby a reserve supply of energy.

Did you know that, when you brought your baby into this world, you gave him an important gift? Yes, a 3-month supply of iron for his blood. But by the time your baby is 3 months old, he will have exhausted his supply of iron. It's crucial to replenish it. Farex has enough iron to meet your baby's needs and keep his blood healthy.

Farex also has enough calcium, phosphorus and Vitamin D to help your baby grow sturdy bones and strong teeth.

Why 3 months onwards?

When your baby is 3 months old, he needs help to develop his chewing habit, otherwise you may find him swallowing the solid food you give him later. That would cause him tummy-aches and also affect his growth. Farex helps your baby learn to chew; and as he learns, you add less and less milk, to make his food more solid.

If you give him Farex now, he will adapt better to 'grown up' food later on—because he has learned how to chew and digest it properly.

Wouldn't mashed potatoes do?

Before you give your baby any solid food, stop a moment to consider your baby's digestion. At 3 months, it is still tender. That's why your baby needs a specially prepared infant solid food—something he can digest *easily*.

Because, traditional foods alone are not always scientifically balanced to give your baby his most important needs: enough iron, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D, specially iron.

This is why doctors say that, after 3 months, Farex is a must for your baby.

When should I start him on 'grown up' foods?

When he takes his first toddling step. That's when his taste buds have developed and preferences are forming. Now he begins to accept 'grown up' food.

Mix Farex, with a little imagination and a lot of love, into all the recipes for your baby.

Now the same Farex goodness comes in the new 400 gm. tin.



Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth.

Nursing and teaching are traditionally considered the two most respectable professions for middle and upper-class women —womanly professions.

But for all this 'respect' what does the teacher or the nurse actually face in the classroom or ward? Nearly five years ago Aruna Shanbag, nurse in K.E.M. Hospital, was raped. The shock caused such extensive damage to her brain that even today she lies in a semi-conscious state in the hospital, disowned by family, an eternal accusation against the authorities' neglect of their nurses' welfare, security and wellbeing.

A nurse in one of the best reputed government hospitals in Bombay was kicked by an honorary doctor in the operating theatre for the simple reason that she cut one suturing thread too short and could not immediately hand over another to the surgeon. The surgeon had enough time to spare from the operation to kick the nurse but not to wait another 60 seconds for the proper thread. Reports of such ill-treatment are more common in the district health centres and hospitals. "Instances of both beating and other such treatment, like forcing sexual relations, are not so common in Bombay, but are a big problem in the villages, in the districts," said Devyani Dange, formerly Secretary of the Maharashtra Government Trained Nurses' Association and at present vice-president of the Shramik Mahila Sangh, a working women's organization. Sexual harassment of teachers too is also not uncommon in the districts. In some schools employment conditions are so bad that principals insist on signed resignation letters from teachers when they are being appointed.

In the ordinary course of their jobs too, overlook, poor pay, disrespect are all taken as routine by most teachers and nurses. One teacher in a Bombay school had to repeatedly face paper balls, pellets, chalk for years. The students had allegedly been incited and encouraged by the Principal to act in this manner as he wished, for personal reasons, to force the teacher into leaving her job.

About 60 per cent of the 1,800-old secondary school teachers in Bombay are women. A trained matriculate teacher is paid around Rs. 390 p.m. and a trained graduate teacher around Rs. 490 per month. Mrs. Nanda, a Hindi teacher for the last 25 years and in G.T. Girls High School for the last 18 years, complained of tremendous workload



THE HUMILIATED 'NOBILITY'

TEACHING AND NURSING — THEY HAVE BEEN
CALLED THE NOBLE PROFESSIONS.
BUT FROM THE AUTHORITIES THEY HAVE GOT
LITTLE HELP OR UNDERSTANDING

Suchita Mazumdar

arising from classes that have over 60 pupils each. "We never really stop working at all," she said, "taking all these corrections home, preparing for the next day's lesson. The preparation is of course a must — which after many years of teaching becomes easier. But corrections of class exercises, homework, tests are killing...for a housewife especially..."

Most women teachers, whether housewives or not, also do housework which is something the male teachers are generally spared. Since the average size of classes is 70 students and the average duty hours per teacher about 40 hours per week, involving at least five classes daily, "the resultant school work plus housework for most of us is backbreaking," said Jean Kalgutkar, an Executive Committee member of the Maharashtra Secondary School Teachers' Association. Lack of proper facilities, especially poor laboratory and library facilities, mean taking extra classes and the workload is further increased. Reduction of the workload is one of the main demands of the various teachers' associations.

Similar conditions prevail in the nursing profession. There are about 27,000 government, private and auxiliary (nurse-midwife) nurses in Bombay. Nurses in the government hospitals are paid a stipend of Rs. 140-167 during their three years as student nurses. After the 54-day strike of all government employees last year urging the implementation of the payscales recommended by the Bhole Commission, a staff nurse now gets a basic starting salary of Rs. 335 plus allowances, whereas previously the basic starting salary was only Rs. 135 per month.

"Overwork again is our biggest headache," said Devyani Dange. "In most hospitals in the West no nurse is given more than three patients to look after. The Indian Nursing Council rules say that no nurse can care for over five patients but, in fact, the nurse-patient ratio is normally over one nurse to ten patients." Student nurse Fernandes gave an even worse picture of the situation. In G.T. Hospital in a ward of about 80/90 patients only ten staff nurses, seven student nurses and one sister-in-charge are em-

ploied. On the night shift only one staff nurse and two students nurses are on duty.

A nurse's duty hours are officially eight-and-a-half hours during the day shift and 12 hours during the night shift. But in fact it is always longer, since handing over charge to the nurses that come on duty takes 30 to 45 minutes.

"Our work itself is strenuous enough without adding the burdens of extra long hours and so many patients...how can we give our best attention to patients when we have so many to attend to?" asked Maria Fernandes. The nurses' unions have demanded a maximum seven-hour duty period, inclusive of breaks, and the right to a compensatory off when duty exceeds this limit. "A system must also be worked out by which the nurse: patient ratio is reduced, both for the good of the patients and the nurses," said Mrs. Dange.

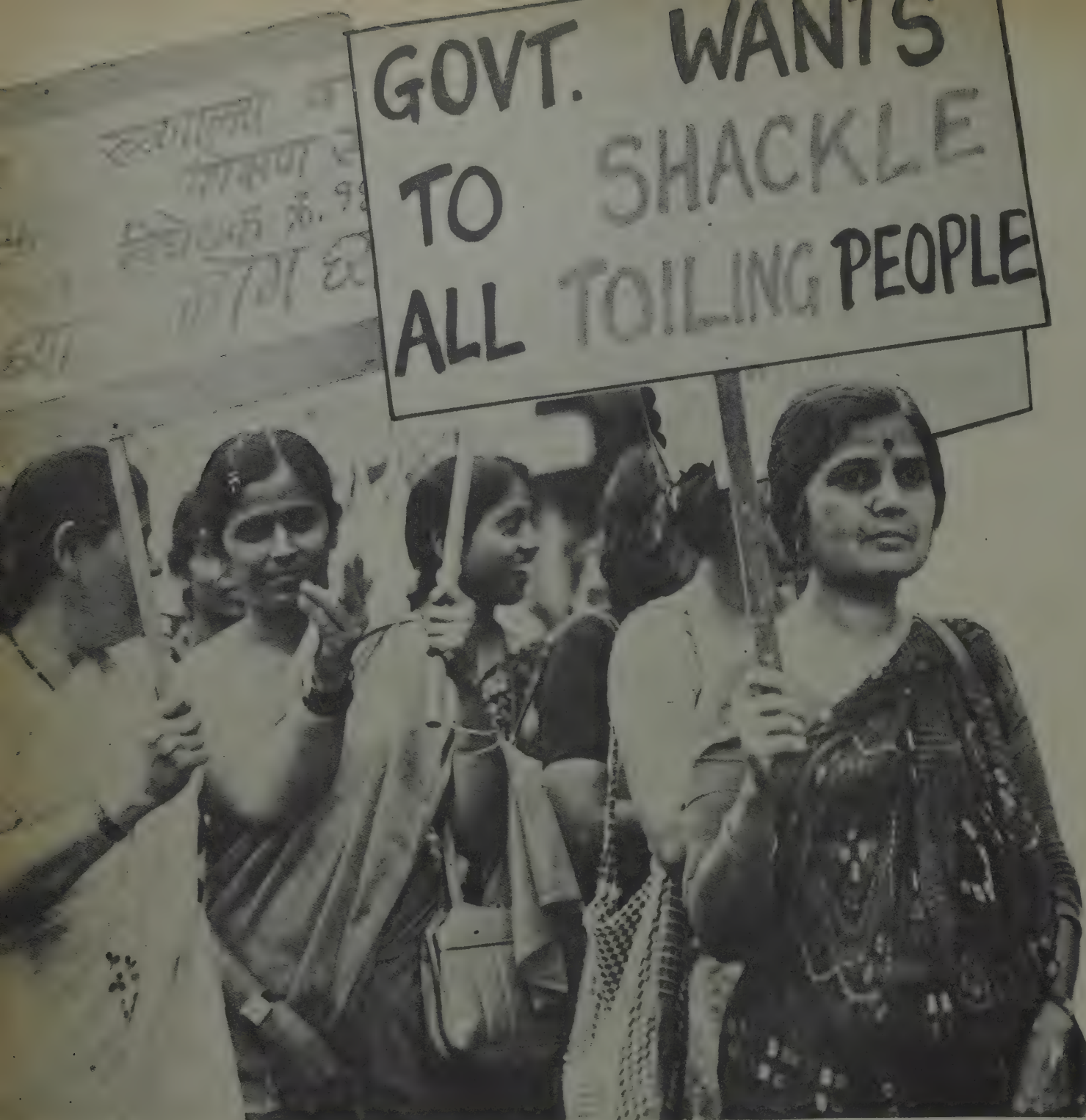
Health hazards, moreover, always a threat to all hospital workers, become more of a danger when overwork reduces natural resistance to disease. Especially in the TB wards the health risk is the greatest.

"They call us members of the noble profession. Under the name of 'noble' we have been crushed and chewed up...So we ourselves have to see that 'noble' really means noble. We have to settle matters," Mrs. Dange said.

Indignities on nurses are not rare — from being kicked by honoraries in operating theatres to having to pay from their personal accounts for items that may get lost, such as linen, ward utensils, etc., as if the nurses were common thieves.

So much for 'respect' — not from the people at large, whose respect is sincere, but from the authorities of schools and hospitals and the government, the very people who talk often and talk long about the "respectability", the "goodness and greatness" the "nobility", of these professions.

As Jean Kalgutkar said, "The shallowness of the respect that is accorded to our professions by the authorities is apparent in our conditions, for which they are responsible."



tical liberty of people. Few are even aware of the laws that are being introduced that infringe on the rights of people even in their daily economic activity. The Industrial Relations Bill and the Hospitals and Educational Institutions Bill belong to this category.

For far too long we have been taught to have fear and contempt for trade union activities. Unions mean conflict, struggle and agitation, something which respectable professionals cannot stoop to. Teachers have

THE BLACK BILL

Anuradha Ghandy

Most of us urban educated Indians are still talking proudly about the ballot box revolution that restored our freedom. We talk blithely about how we have lived up to our title — the world's largest democracy.

Meanwhile, gradually creeping up on us, are laws that are taking away our fundamental rights. They are being introduced under innocuous names, as part of normal legislation 'to create a healthier climate in the country'. But we are asleep. What happened during the years preceding the Emergency will recur and we will be taken un-awares. No one said a word when MISA was introduced in the early seventies. Now few have said anything on the various state governments reintroducing MISA. But MISA restricts the poli-



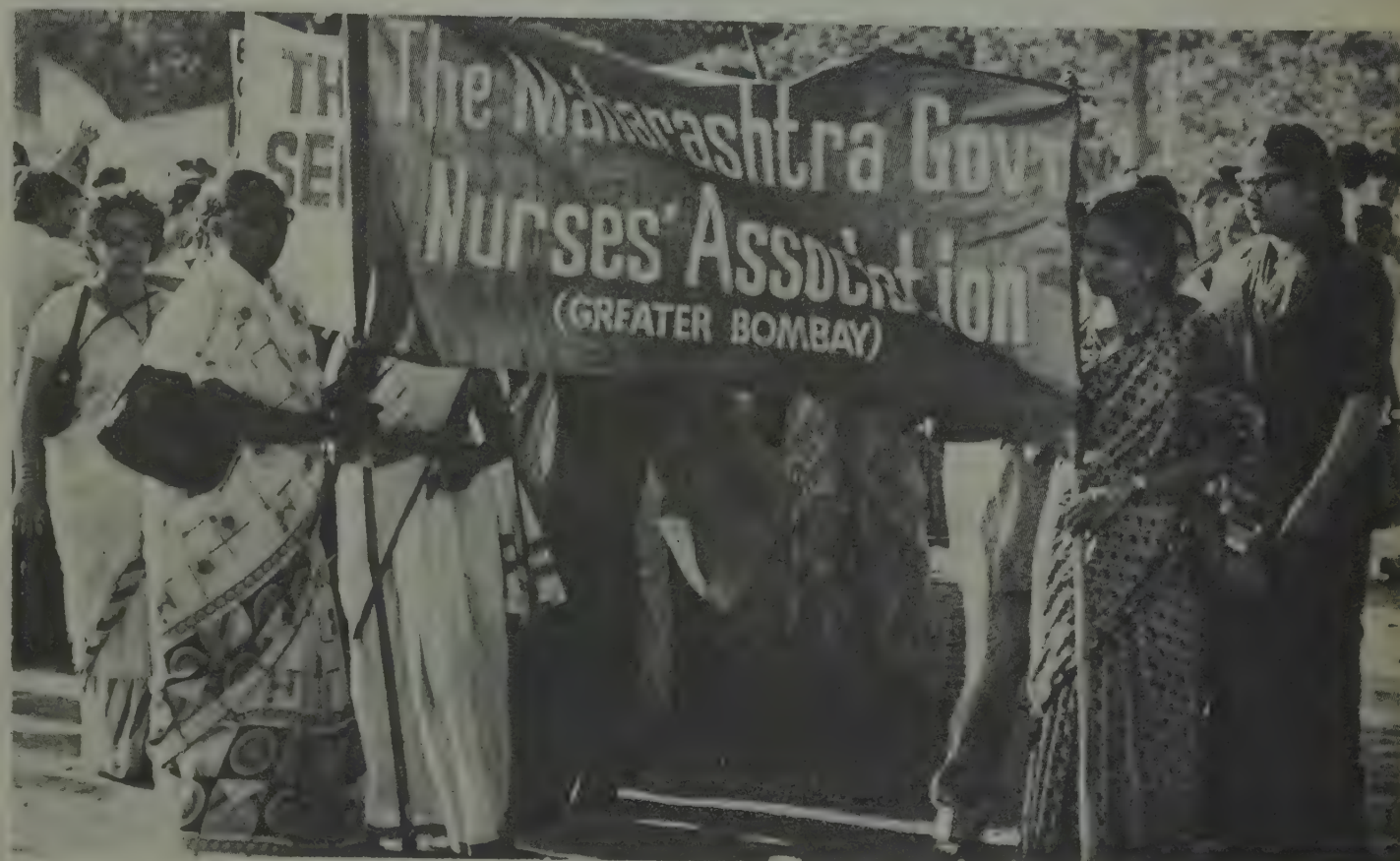
young minds to mould, careers to make or mar; hospital employees have sick people to help; neither should betray the responsibility and trust placed upon them. Even teachers and nurses think the same way; only desperation has now forced them to organize to firmly put forward their legitimate demands. For they are now realizing that to fulfil the trust placed upon them, they have to act to better their conditions. As a result of their prolonged struggle, their legitimate rights as employees of educational institutions and medical institutions have been recognized. It is now accepted that nobility of their professions apart, they too have genuine problems that can be resolved through collective action. It is in this context that an observation made in a Supreme Court judgment in February last year in the case of the Bangalore Water Supply and Sewage Board vs. A. Rajappa and others case was significant. It declared that hospitals and educational institutions, if they satisfied certain criteria, would come within the definition of 'industry' as laid down in the Industrial Disputes Act, 1947.

THERE HAS BEEN LITTLE PROTEST AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT MOVE TO INTRODUCE TWO VERY UNDEMOCRATIC BILLS. YET THEY AFFECT EVERY COMMON MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

employees in these two services. It does not provide any common code to protect teachers, lecturers, nurses and other medical employees. Instead it states that each separate school, college and hospital will have independent and separate associations for their employees. This means that the organisations that exist at present, which include employees of different institutions in a region, will

hospitals must place their demands (even if they are common) separately through the bureaucratic channels that are sought to be set up in the different organizations to which they belong. It is like going back to the barter system. How feasible or sensible does this sound?

If this is not bad enough, the Law Ministry has a few more tricks to complete the process of corroding demo-



Photographs: Sanil



The judge mentioned this is passing, while delivering judgement. This was a historic statement because for the first time in India's labour history, even hospital, school and college employees were legally recognised as needing the same protection as employees and workers in other sectors.

The new Hospital and Educational Institutions Bill introduced in the Lok Sabha on August 25, 1978, seeks to undo all these gains in one move. First of all it counters the Supreme Court's opinion, so that these services cannot be regarded as industries. This is basically to deny the employees the rights and benefits that accrue from such recognition.

The Bill also seeks to break the unity of the em-

be declared illegal. The associations of secondary school teachers, college employees, teachers, nurses and hospital employees, which include all in that city or region, will have to be disbanded. This is particularly serious because, through ordinary-sounding legislation, the Government is wanting to break up the organisations that have been built up.

Not only is this move an attempt to break unity, it is also impractical. People functioning in the same service sector in one region, even if employed by different institutions, share many problems in common. Pay-scales, nature of work, service conditions are some obvious common problems. Yet, according to the provisions of this Bill, all nurses, for example, in different

cracy. The individual association will be recognized if the employer feels that it represents the interests of the majority of the employees and serves both the employer and employees! It is the employer and not the opinion of the employees through secret ballot that will determine whether an association will be recognized!

The Bill is a heaven-send for employers. They are given the powers to decide on methods of recruitment and promotion. Though an equal number of representatives from both sides will be present, on the Grievance Settlement Committee and Consultative Council to be set up to settle individual and collective disputes respectively, a person from the employer's side

Continued on page 41

Every day your skin is open to attack. Protect it these four ways.

1 In spite of what anyone says, the old 'soap and water' scrub works wonders



for any skin. If stale dirt accumulates overnight, the pores of your skin get clogged and rashes or pimples may begin to appear.

Rinse with tepid water to clean out all the pores. Then splash cold water on your skin to tauten it.

2 Your skin needs an occasional bracer. Nature offers lots of alternatives.

Try rubbing a slice of lemon over your skin. Or apply a 'besan' paste, let it dry and then wash off. Or just use grandma's traditional recipe—a little 'haldi' in a few drops of milk before your bath.

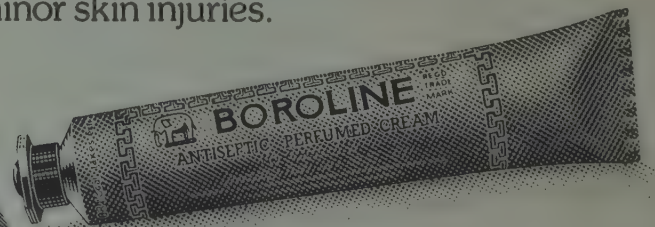


3 There's nothing like a bit of exercise to make the skin glow. All it needs is a regular limber-up in the bathroom every morning. And while you're about it, do try to avoid eating too many fried foods and sweets. They tend to bring out all those ugly rashes and pimples.



4 Don't forget your daily Boroline routine. Smooth in this gentle, medicated cream into all the sensitive areas and rough patches of your skin. Use it every day and just before you go to bed.

Boroline helps prevent dryness, chapping and rashes. It also acts as a gentle antiseptic for minor skin injuries.



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THE DALIT PANTHERS

In 1972, 25 years after Independence, the scene was absolutely frustrating for the scheduled castes in India. On the one hand, a generation of educated scheduled caste youth had emerged in the urban areas, most of whom had settled down with white-collar jobs. This was as a result of the concessions won for the scheduled castes, particularly in the sphere of education and jobs, by Dr. Ambedkar and his Republican Party (RPI) in the heat of the Independence movement. On the other hand, there was the ineffective leadership of the RPI. Casteism and caste oppression, continued unabated. The restlessness among the scheduled caste youth was growing; the quest for alternatives was growing.

Out of this quest emerged the challenge to the existing RPI leadership. Out of this quest emerged the Dalit Panthers. The Dalit Panthers were mainly a youth movement launched by a group of urban scheduled caste intellectuals.

In the early seventies, a Congress minister's brother organized what was known as the 'Bawda boycott'. The movement was an attempt to organize the scheduled castes to boycott people of the higher castes as well as shops owned by them, and refusal to work on the lands of the landlords. A group of scheduled caste poets from Bombay were impressed by the movement and supported it. Soon a Yuvak Aghadi was formed in Bombay. The writers began to feel that merely writing poetry was not enough. Some action was needed to counter casteism.

At the time the Black Panther movement in the USA was gaining prominence. Inspired by it, the writers decided to form an organization which would take up the cause of the scheduled castes. Leading among them were Arjun Dangle, Namdeo Dhasal and Prahalad Chandrakar. Thus the Dalit Panthers formally came into existence on July 12, 1972.

That year was the 25th year of Independence, and the Panthers decided to celebrate it as 'Black Independence Day'. About that time came the well-known article in *Sadhana*, a Marathi magazine, by Raja Dhale abusing the Indian flag in obscene terms. This brought the government cracking

Radha Iyer

WHEN THE DALIT PANTHER MOVEMENT CAME INTO BEING IT GENERATED A LOT OF HOPE IN THE DOWNTRODDEN OF SOCIETY. WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE MOVEMENT IN THE LAST FEW YEARS?



Militancy after centuries of suppression. Raised heads and clenched fists, instead of servility.

on the magazine and also gave the Dalit Panthers a lot of publicity.

The Assembly by-elections were on. CPI's Roza Deshpande stood against Ramrao Adik of the Congress in the Parel-Dadar area. The then Congress secretary exerted great pressures on the Panthers to support Adik. It was a prestigious election and the stakes were high. But the Panthers had decided to give a call for the boycott of the elections. Accordingly, they arranged for a public meeting at Worli where several leaders spoke critically against Hinduism.

A group in the audience had been waiting for a chance to start off some trouble and the outrageous speeches were just what was needed. Riots broke out and continued for days in the Worli area. The B.D.D. chawls were the right sort of place for such riots: some buildings are occupied by the scheduled castes only and others by the higher castes exclusively, and caste identity is therefore very strong.

These incidents focussed attention on the Dalit Panthers

and enabled the movement to grow rapidly. They provided the militant alternative which the scheduled caste youth all over Maharashtra were seeking.

But from its very birth the organization lacked sound foundations. The organizational programme was one of the most controversial issues and soon became the chief cause of the splits later. The programme asked the question "Who is Dalit?" and answered it by defining a Dalit as anyone oppressed under the present social set-up, regardless of caste, and included peasants, workers as well as scheduled castes. It further spoke of social change and the emancipation of the entire masses, the ushering in of socialism as the precondition for the removal of casteism. This seemed too left-oriented for some of the Dalit leaders who adhered to Dr. Ambedkar's writings and teachings.

The first split came soon after the Worli riots, rather early in the history of the Dalit Panthers and was between the 'leftists' and Ambedkarites. Raja Dhale and Avinash Mahatekar headed the Ambedkarites and Namdeo

Dhasal the 'leftists'. Since then the story of the Panthers has been a tragic one of splits and further splits. Ideologically weak, the leaders became victims of personality clashes.

Namdeo Dhasal was soon being accused of corruption and individualistic behaviour. His group further split. The Emergency made the chaos and disarray complete. Dhasal lined up behind Indira Gandhi, and remains so. The others resigned and finally it was decided to dissolve the organization. But the decision was not unanimous. A new youth group headed by Arun Kamble, Gangadhar Gade and Ramdas Athavle decided the Dalit Panthers should continue, and at present it is this group that bears the name Dalit Panthers though none of the leading people adhere to its only programme published so far.

In a way, these splits were inevitable. No party or social group can liberate only one section of society, however big, from the yoke of oppression. All political parties claiming to represent the scheduled castes have tried to do precisely that. It is their isolation that has made them into vacillating and ineffective parties. Consequently, they have had to join forces with other national parties. Dr. Ambedkar himself trailed behind the Congress. Later, his RPI became an absolute shadow of the Congress. Even after the RPI split, one group got the backing of the Janata Party, while others remained pro-Congress.

What is happening to the Dalit Panthers now is a repetition of what happened to the RPI. The Black Panthers in America, from whom the Dalit Panthers drew their inspiration, face a similar situation. They too tried to do away with racism by organizing the blacks, without linking their cause to the struggle of the American working class. They tried to remain isolated and slowly lost the fire in them.

The scheduled caste leadership has only two alternatives—either to trail behind existing political parties and become a pawn in their political game, or to seek a new alternative to the present political set-up along with the rest of the Indian people. Their aspirations must merge with those of the Indian people and not be apart from it.

'Dalit' literature or the literature of the oppressed is perhaps the most important trend in the progressive literature of today. It may be called 'the new humanism' in Indian literature. Dalit literature strives to make the man on the street its focal point. The pivot is man. Brotherhood among men, equality, etc., are some of the most common themes. Dalit literature recognizes that the present day division of men into classes — rich and

poor, high and low — distorts human relations and puts it on a perverted and irrational footing. The result is alienation of men from one another. But in spite of this recognition of class and caste divisions and antagonisms, dalit literature does not seek to arouse the hatred of the oppressed classes and castes against their oppressors.

According to Baburao Bagul, an eminent writer and critic, "By putting the oppressed man on

the centre of the stage, dalit literature has, among other things, (1) rejected the traditional heroes-heroines themselves, together with all their ideals, values, etc.

"(2) It has rejected all the ancient scriptures and their teachings.

"(3) It has rejected casteism and the power struggle and caste hatred that goes with it.

"(4) It does not consider the villains, the 'Rakshasas' of ancient

IN THE CRUSHED PROCESSION

Prakash Jadhav

We are the black soldiers of 'poverty battalion',
From the black-mouthed barracks.
In the frenzied march outside the entrance
Holding the breath until death.
Witnesses of the empty resources of the past
Arm-in-arm — 'Chalo Azad Maidan'
And thro' the entire being — 'Zindabad', 'Murdabad'.
Alongside, the cops' marching boots
Terrorized footpaths, the road ahead let-loose.
Discarding past, future the centuries stand motionless before me
Faces devoid of fig-leaves, our blind thumb impressions on the
raw labour's wages
In the treasury, eternal prison and in it red hand labour
Red sweat
From the surging sea of blood, the red sun's ready even at
mid-day
We are of the crushed procession
A thousand-thousand echoes of suppressed voices.

TAKE IT

J. V. Pawar

Now that you've come, pray don't return
empty-handed
Borrow some grief and take it with you
if you like
If your life has been saltless
Take some from the tears in my eyes,
Your hopelessness perturbs me
I burn myself in the red hot coal before me
What else shall I do? I've nothing to offer
I was born with the boon of 'perpetual
wants'
Pray don't go away. Stay with your fangs
spread out
And keep stinging my empty life for ever.

THE SUN IS YET TO RISE

Arjun Dangle

Awake, the sun's risen in your part of the
world,
Someone woke them up,
And they awoke, rubbing their eyes
Looked around for the rising sun —
They were astonished.
There was nothing but darkness
Frightful and terrible as before.
Perhaps it is rising: they thought
And awaited — a day, two days. . .
. . . until twenty years.
No sun rose for them
It had risen, but. . .
Someone had bought it for a neat sum
Tucked it away safely in their palatial man-
sions.
Their sun has yet to rise
Sprinkling crimson, red it has yet to rise.

DALIT GROWL

times to be villainous or devilish. It has refused to accept the traditional heroes and heroines, about whom epics have been sung."

Dalit literature is literature of the dalits, by the dalits and for the dalits. Most of the dalit writers and poets belong to the scheduled castes.

Various concessions given to the scheduled castes after Independ-

ence, especially in the sphere of education and employment, have made it possible for a small section among these people, especially in the towns and cities, to get education, jobs and a somewhat better status in society. Dalit literature is a product of their aspirations and frustrations. In keeping with their defiance of the existing social and cultural values, the language adopted by these writers

is often unorthodox and colloquial, sometimes even abusive.

It was the Dalit Panther movement which first gave prominence to these writers and brought them into the limelight.

The emergence of dalit literature has brought the 'caste' question into the open once again. It is this social content that makes dalit literature so intense, vivid and real.

THE CITY Daya Pawar

A city was sighted while digging the earth
a twentieth century one

Crumpled by some herculean fists, it seemed

Broken gears strewn about, the mills' chimneys like embers,

That's all the remains of machine age,
the rest was like Mohenjodaro.

Dig any patch, just stones and jars.

Tails* snapped half way

Trunks* sticking out.

It's a fine thing indeed, the museum halls
so grandly decorated this year.

Let 'Religion', that jester skinned and
Stuffed, be displayed for future generations

And what's that name-board: 'Drinking
water, place open to all castes and creeds'

Was there then a ladder, a hierarchy between
man and man

It's a good thing, this city deserved to be
buried in the muck

What an age that machine age of the twentieth
century

A sight it was, of the stone-age indeed!

* The 'tail' and 'trunk' refer to the tail of Hanuman and trunk of Ganesh.

MIRROR

Waman Nimbalkar

You've got to smash that mirror that's before
you

How distorted, this image of yourself

Let the tears in your eyes turn bloody

Let the outstretched hands be severed

Take the sky in your arms and stifle it in
your embrace

Kneeling legs, that bend

The burden on the back, hurl it across the
sky,

Fling the ugly tattered rag from your body
Your leap ought to be across the sky

Be speed-crazy, seek the nook and corner of
the world

And you'll find your own beautiful reflection

You've only got to smash the mirror that's
before you.

RENAISSANCE

Yashwant Manohar

Surges of darkness from the countless dungeons,
dance before my eyes

Hacked by insults, the flames of unappeased hopes
within the insides

The skeletons of past generations

Light my heart's path with their rattling hands

To this day, the step-son of a jaundiced justice

Tells the bitter tales of bondage

Shows the unerasable wounds of culture —

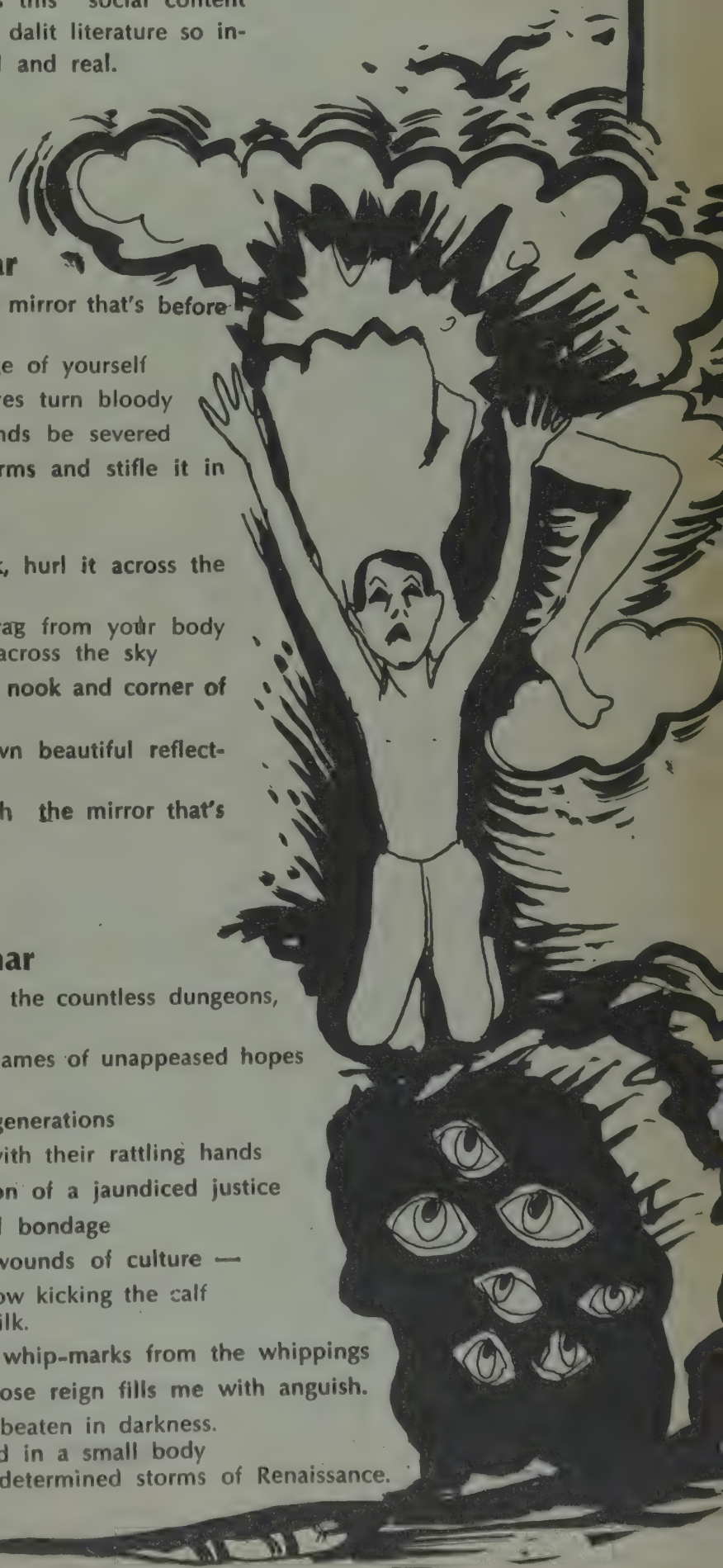
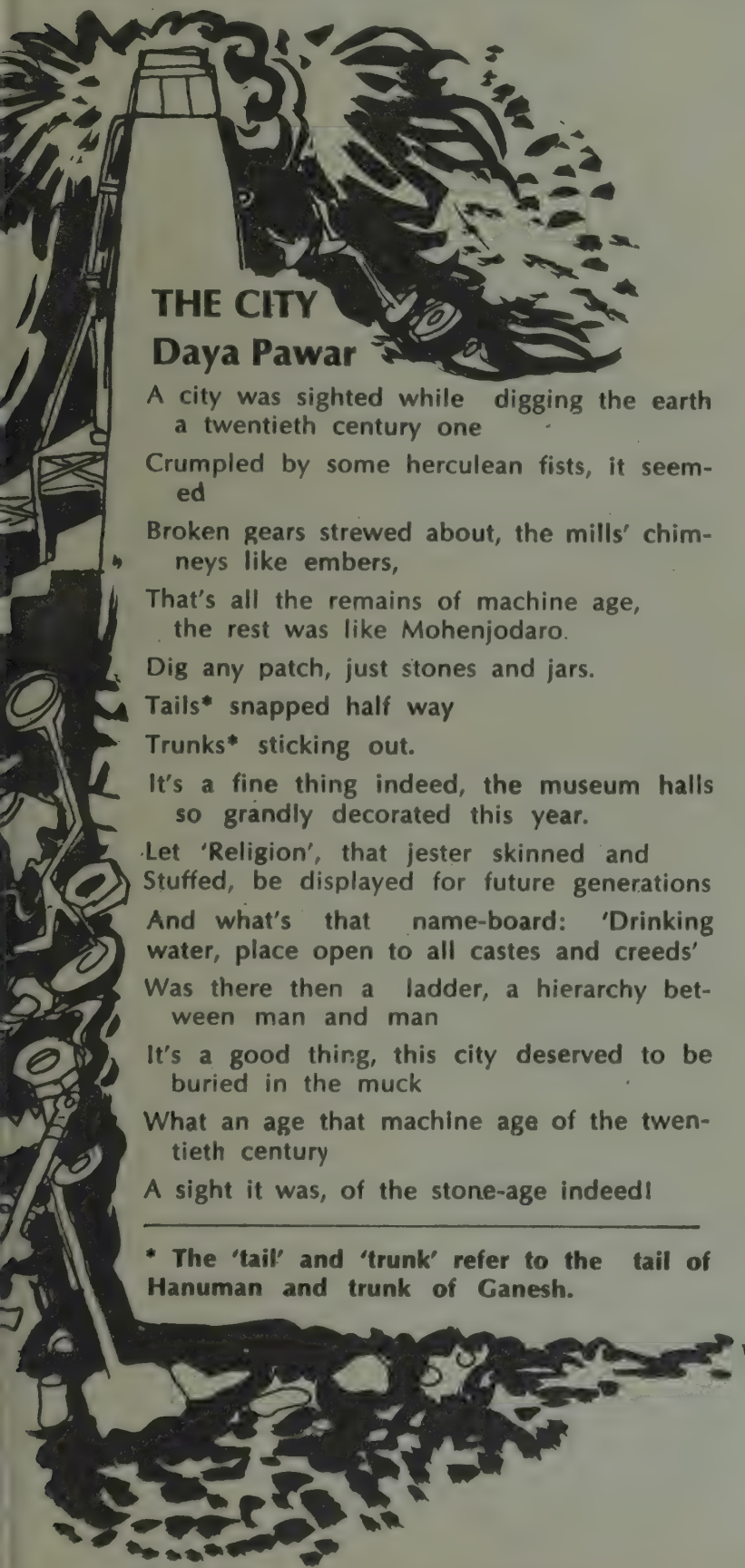
A culture that's like a cow kicking the calf
and withholding her milk.

Shows the raw bloody whip-marks from the whippings

Worn out traditions whose reign fills me with anguish.

Every breath orphaned, beaten in darkness.

Then from a small hand in a small body
Come roaring, endless, determined storms of Renaissance.



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dazzling white**

Hidden away in the more obscure corners of newspapers are interesting bits of news of particular significance to women.

SPECIAL INFORMATION

NEW DELHI: A mother in India has the best chance of getting a normal child between 20 and 30, according to Dr. Seeta Sinclair, associate professor of pediatrics, All-India Institute of Medical Sciences. After 30, there is a higher chance of producing a genetically abnormal child, especially one with down syndrome — the eyes of such a child are slanted upwards and outwards, she said. Dr. Sinclair also cautioned against the use of 'surma' containing lead as it could cause brain damage. Lead has been found in many samples of 'surma' but not in 'kajal' Dr. Sinclair added that the chances of genetic causes of mental handicap increased when blood relations married. (Free Press Journal)

Criminal Policemen

PUNE: A police constable in uniform has been arrested for forcibly seducing a 13-year-old girl. The girl was going to visit her brother-in-law in the Pune city area when the constable noticed her. He threatened her and took her on his bike to a place near the Gadikhana area. The girl at that stage raised a cry, when some people gathered and the constable was rounded up eventually. He has been charged under Section 363 and 354 IPC. (Free Press Journal)

THE DOWRY MENACE

The harassment of women in connection with the dowry they bring at the time of their marriage, continues unabated. The reason, as the Law Minister recently remarked, is the lack of awareness among people about the 'evil' of dowry.

NEW DELHI: The Union Minister for Law, Mr. Shanti Bhushan, said that social organizations should create strong public opinion to support any legislative measures to curb the growing evil of dowry. Unless this was done, no legislation on dowry or on the protection of abandoned women and children would be effective, he said while opening a seminar on "Amendments to Prohibition of Dowry Act and Protection of Abandoned Women and Children". The two-day seminar organized by the Mahila Dakshata Samiti discussed legal and other papers presented by

Mr. Justice S. Rangarajan and various other experts on these problems. (The Statesman)

Very few of us really know the bizarre and inhuman consequences that hundreds of women suffer constantly in India, because of dowry. It is incredible that in these days human beings continue to behave in such a barbaric manner, that in greed for a few more hundreds of rupees, a human life (that of the newly-married girl) becomes so easily dispensable. This report comes from Amritsar.

AMRITSAR: The greed for more dowry landed the mother-in-law, husband and two sisters-in-law of a young woman in the police lock-up here, after they had allegedly tried to burn her to death. Fortunately, the woman's life was saved. 22-year-old Rita told the police in the emergency ward of the local hospital that her two sisters-in-law, Kanchan and Sushma, had dragged her by her hair into the courtyard of her house where her mother-in-law drenched her with kerosene. Her husband then set her alight. Her shrieks brought the neighbours running and they succeeded in putting out the human torch but not before Rita had suffered serious burn injuries. She was rushed to the hospital where she is still considered to be a critical case.

Rita was married to Om Parkash two-and-a-half years ago. During the first six months of the marriage, she was sent three times to her parents' house to get money. She returned with cheques for Rs. 6,000, Rs. 5,000 and Rs. 3,000, respectively. After that her in-laws turned her out. Last week, one of her sisters-in-law was to be married. Rita was called back to fetch more money from her father. The murder attempt followed her refusal. According to Rita's father, he had spent nearly Rs. 50,000 on her wedding. (Hindustan Times)

IMMATURITY IN THE RAJYA SABHA

NEW DELHI: Mrs. Ambika Soni (Cong.) protested against the 'male domination' in the Rajya Sabha where the minority (women) was being made to suffer by the majority (men). She took strong exception to the manner in which some senior members dealt with a question regarding the rules concerning marriages of air hostesses in Air-India and Indian Airlines. An agitated Mrs. Soni remarked "I am sorry to find such an important issue being treated so lightly." The House was

rocked by laughter when Dr. Rafiq Zakaria (Cong.) asked why the "old members" were so much concerned with air hostesses and a member said, "Look at this young man."

Mrs. Kanak Mukherjee (CPM) asked repeatedly whether the rules made any distinction between the Indian and European air hostesses in the airlines. Mrs. Soni also objected to a remark of the civil aviation minister that the air hostesses could very well have children after 35 years of age. "Why should an air hostess have to wait and why this discrimination," she asked. Another remark from the minister, "... whether an air hostess will attend to her child or her duty...." evoked protests from women members... (The Times of India)

The frivolity with which women's issues are tackled in the Rajya Sabha is made amply clear. And the civil aviation minister could perhaps refer to the previous report of Dr. Sinclair, and he would have his answer to why air hostesses should not have children after 35 years of age.

TEMPORARY VICTORY

BOMBAY: Mrs. Justice Sujata Manohar, at the Bombay High Court, admitted a writ petition filed by Lilavati D. Mehta and other women patients of the Cama and Albless Hospital, against Dr. R. Anjaneyulu, Director Professor, Institute of Obstetrics and Gynaecology, Cama and Albless Hospital; and the State of Maharashtra, praying for directions to the respondents not to make any fresh appointments of male doctors in the hospital.

The Judge made the rule returnable on July 23, 1979 and expedited the hearing. On instructions, Government Pleader N. H. Gursahani stated that no male doctors would be appointed till July end.

The women petitioners objected to being treated by male doctors and would rather suffer illness and disease at home than be treated by male doctors... (Indian Express)

This is a big boost to those who have been campaigning that women's health should be the first priority in this controversy. Besides Ms. Mehta, the others who were daring and committed enough to take the issue to court are Vasanti Mehta, Sarla Raval, Nirmala Javeri, Aruna Mody, Vasanti Tanavde, Rashmi Kamath, Gomati Ramnath, Gayatriben Trivedi, Jayshri Kharwar, Uma Mishra and Uma Pandit.

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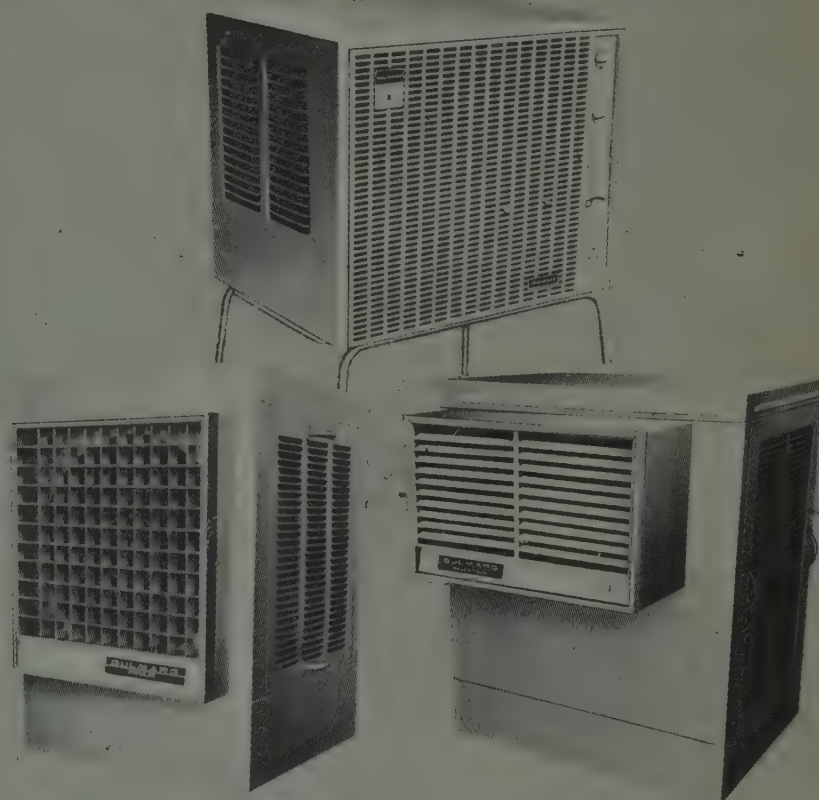
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There was a show recently, with filmstars and star cricketers. The stadium in Bombay was crowded; the fireworks display lit up the sky. Famous personalities such as Sunil Gavaskar flashed by on the stage.

But the crowds had their entire attention focussed on only one tall, famous personality. Long before he reached the stage, the crowds, impatient for a close look, had got to Amitabh Bachchan. The organizers and the police had to pave a way through the mob, for Amitabh to be escorted to the stage.

It happened again a few weeks ago. Word got around in a quiet area that Amitabh Bachchan had come to visit a friend. The crowds gathered for a glimpse of the star. Only, the glimpse was a dangerous one for the star, who couldn't make it to his waiting van till the cops were summoned for protection.

The Great Gambler is one of the lousiest films released this year. But the draw the hero commands today borders on a mania. Even at the Drive-in (perhaps the only theatre where one can get tickets at the current counter), the traffic jam indicated a House Full show. The cars had started rolling up for the 7 o'clock show long before 5.30 p.m.

The sentence is the same on every film person's lips. If Amitabh Bachchan can pull through even **The Great Gambler** (Amitabh himself will agree that it's not one of his best bets), then the Amitabh Bachchan wave will safely remain at its peak right through this year and the next.

This year, the usual quota of Amitabh starrers will be released.

"As many as were released last year," clarified Amitabh. '78 was the year when every Amitabh starrer from **Trishul** to **Don** and **Besharam** were money-makers. It was the year when Amitabh Bachchan was declared, without any competition, the only hero who could pull any film at the box-office merely on his name. Signing Amitabh Bachchan meant a gold mine for the distributors.

Yet, there is a nagging reminder that time and again, super duper sellers have lost their Midas touch merely due to the over-exposure so typical of today's stars. Amitabh Bachchan, an onlooker during Rajesh Khanna's superstardom, is not unaware of the implications of over-exposure. "I have discussed it with my producers. So many releases every year. . . But they have all assured me that it's all right."

AMITABH: The Box-Office Midas

N. Bharathi

**"I don't believe in star craze,"
he says.
But the fans are crazy;
his name alone
sends them raving, and keeps
the producers smiling**

It is all right for the present, as long as the Amitabh Bachchan mania lasts. But, even at the height of his success when the worst of films have been declared successful because of his presence, Amitabh rules out the theory that the craze for him is behind their success.

"I don't believe in star craze. I sincerely feel that a film must have something in it besides just Amitabh for the audience to see it repeatedly. Marlon Brando is a world-wide craze. But not all his films are successful, are they?"

A practical, down-to-earth approach like this is what will see Amitabh Bachchan through. In an unpredictable industry with a whimsical audience, it really is tough to calculate with accuracy, the number of years one star will tower above the rest. Yet, what Amitabh Bachchan has to the credit side of his account is a rare combination of an actor, a star and a well-behaved human. One hears of superstars not turning up on time, of keeping units waiting or forcing the dismantling of expensive sets. Superstars have, in turns, interfered with directors, tampered with scripts to cut down another man's role and been the general cause of several grey-haired producers and directors.

Perhaps it is because Amitabh has

seen the rise and fall of superstars before his eyes. Perhaps, it is an in-born sense of discipline. Whatever the reason, Amitabh Bachchan may feature in gossip columns where girl friends and wives are inextricably trapped. But where his professional behaviour is concerned, producers do not curse under their breath at the mention of his name.

On the contrary, there was genuine concern on the faces of people asso-

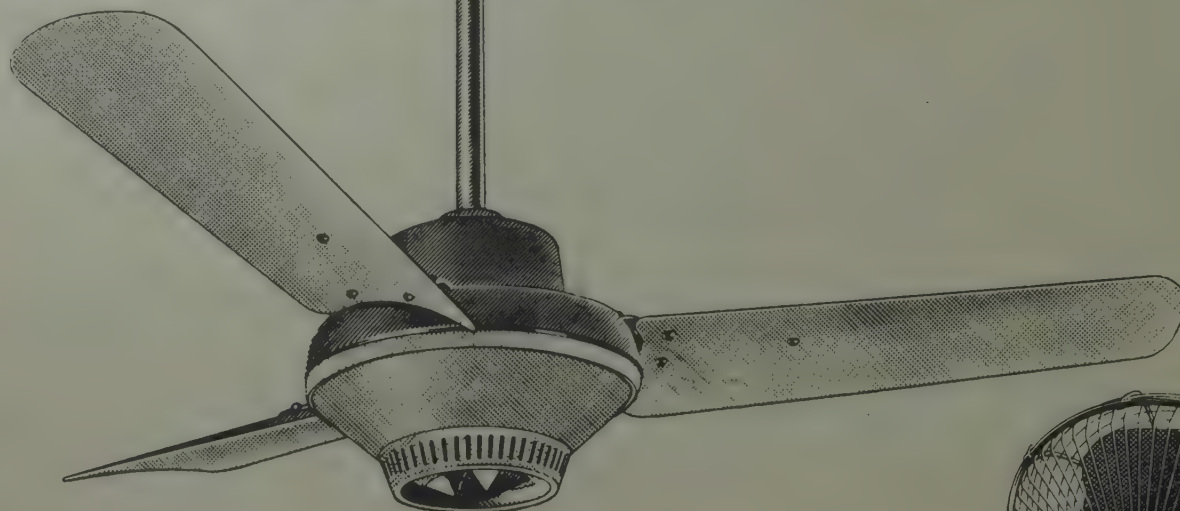


ciated with Amitabh professionally, when he spent three months in a sick bed. Of course, there were rumours all over town giving different versions of his illness.

In Amitabh's words, "I had jaundice and then some gastric trouble. I couldn't eat anything for weeks and weeks. So they gave it to me intravenously and I had side reactions for which cortizones were given. . ."

The rest has done him a world of good. Amitabh looks fresher, more relaxed and happier than he did before his illness. As he says, "I'm happy to be back in the studios again."

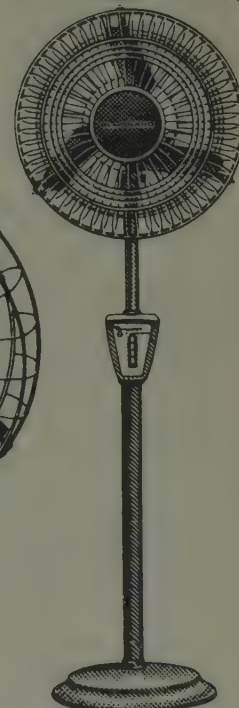
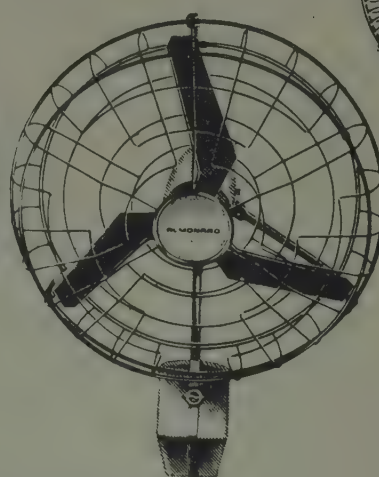
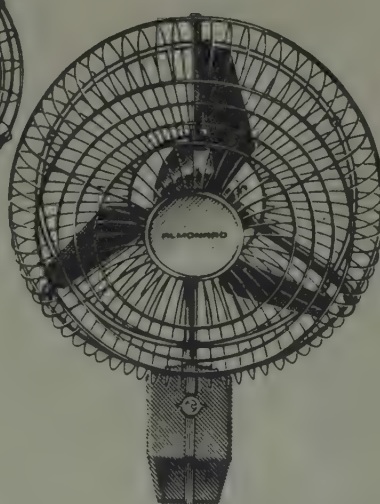
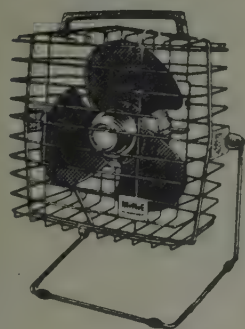
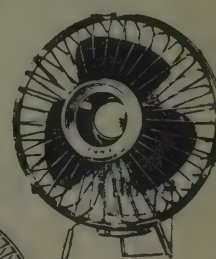
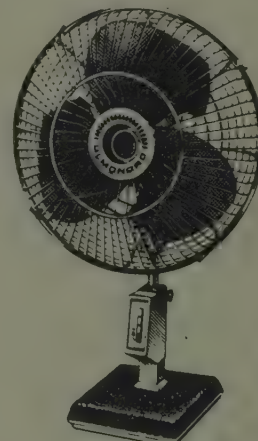
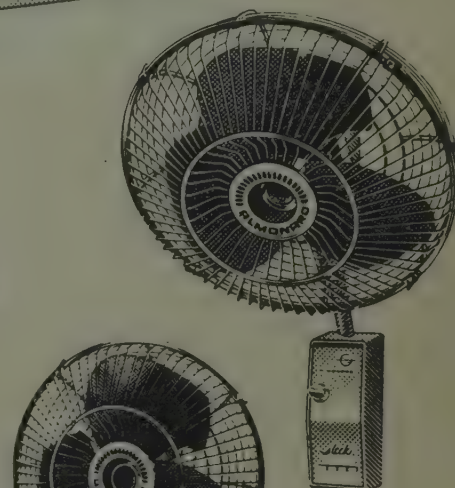
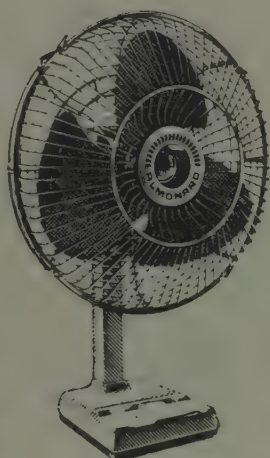
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WOMEN IN FOCUS

Nearly 40 years ago Nancie Jones, a young and pretty British girl, landed in India to look after her ailing fiance who was in a sanatorium, in a tiny town near Kasauli in the Simla hills. They had met in London where Yudhishtar Kumar was doing Law and she was in college. They had it all planned. She started working for a leading firm as a Personnel Manager in London. He decided to come back to India — to establish his practice and then to call Nancie and get married.

RAJNI KUMAR

'Reluctant' Teacher Develops Model School



Mrs. Rajni Kumar in her office. When she came to India some forty years ago she had experience only in personnel management. She was asked to take over —and reluctantly did — a wartime-abandoned school. From that experience grew the now well-known Springdale School in Delhi.

But on coming back to India he was plunged into the Freedom Struggle. There were two long periods in jail where he caught tuberculosis, and was sent to the sanatorium. From there he wrote to Nancie telling her the news of his illness and "calling off the whole thing" and that "this was a parting of ways".

Nancie caught the first ship to India. Slowly she nursed Yudhishtar back to health. It was when he was recuperating and she had nothing much to do that she took a good look at the town. It was a British contonment, but because of the Second World War raging then most of the British officers had left. Only the families were left behind. But the schools stood empty. The authorities requested Nancie to take over at least one school and start classes. She hesitated. It was a long way from a personnel

manager's job, and she was not sure how to handle it. However, she decided to take up the challenge. She worked on the school for one year, and made it a model school.

When Yudhishtar was completely cured they came to Delhi, married and decided to settle down there. Nancie joined a firm for a while but found she had lost interest. She then worked for a public school but was disillusioned. The whole concept was wrong. The accent was only on book knowledge. Nancie (now Rajni Kumar) had a set of completely different standards. So she started her own nursery school — Springdale. There were 23 children on the first day. Springdale today has six branches (co-educational) — two high schools and four up to Std. VI — and 4,000 students.

Rajni Kumar has over the years taught young and growing minds not only academic knowledge but also how to be self-reliant and the importance of social values, etiquette etc. The children are encouraged to express their talent in many fields — literature, music, painting and sports.

Rajni Kumar is also concerned with inculcating an international outlook in the children. For this the school organizes International Cultural Evenings and Essay Competitions on international subjects. The large farm that is a part of the school is looked after by groups of 20 students who work during week-ends. The Commerce students take over the produce and are responsible for marketing and accounts. There is a library looked after by the students themselves and also a Rescue Squad to help in an emergency.

Springdale students help with the adult literacy programme in village and also teach children from the slums.

Recently, Rajni Kumar took 30 bright students from government schools. Springdale will provide not only free education, but free books and uniforms as well for them. Next year she plans to take in 30 more.

Rajni Kumar thinks that the administration's idea of abolishing public schools or bringing down the standard is absurd. "Why don't they try and raise the standard of these government schools instead? There are 1,600 government schools in Delhi, all in a sad state of neglect. The authorities can start improving these at, say, 100 schools per year. Why cannot they give these poor children a chance of a better education?"

Pushpa Hans

SEETHALAKSHMI

ENTREPRENEUR WITH THE MIDAS TOUCH

Mrs. Seethalakshmi, Proprietor of Perfect Liners, Madras, was one of the two women recipients of the coveted Udyog Patra award in 1978. She is the

first woman in the country to get an award in the field of automobile ancillary engineering. The award is given to entrepreneurs by the Institute of Trade and Industrial Development in recognition of their outstanding contribution to the country's economic development.

In 1976, she took the reins of a tottering factory engaged in the production of cylinder liners for agricultural diesel engines. Her efforts transformed it into a healthy unit. Later, she achieved a near ten-fold increase in its turnover. She established Perfect Liners as



Mrs. Seethalakshmi, proprietor of a growing enterprise.

a partnership company for producing cylinder liners for agricultural diesel engines which were then an imported item.

Perfect Liners soon earned a name for its quality products. Sometime later, when the unit again ran into rough weather, Mrs. Seethalakshmi acquired its sole proprietorship. Her Midas touch increased its sales and profits. Now she has floated another concern, Seetha International, a foundry at Mysore.

R. Swaminath

HOMAGE TO KALAMKARI

Kalamkari is one of the most popular arts of India. Kalamkari comes from 'kalam', which means a pen, and 'kari', meaning work. Hence "Pen work" or Kalamkari. The kalam is a short piece of bamboo, shaped at one end to form a nib, above which is a compact ball of hair which forms a reservoir for the liquid dye. This tradition of cloth-painting has flourished in India since the fourteenth century.

Even today the dyes used in Kalamkari are the extraction of colours from various plants and roots as well as several earth colours.

LEFT: A Kalamkari saree with a contemporary design,

BELOW: Palampore: painted and dyed cotton. Made for the European market. Coromandel Coast (northern region), eighteenth century, second half.
(Collection: Victoria and Albert Museum, London)

Phi: Farokh Reporter





ABOVE: Temple Cloth: Depicting scenes from the Ramayana. Cotton, painted and mordant-dyed, and resist-dyed in indigo. This temple-cloth was shown in the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, London, in 1886. From Kalahasti, about 1880-85 (Museum No. 75 — 1886 I.S.)

BELOW LEFT: Palampore: Coromandel Coast, northern region. Eighteenth century, second quarter. Gift of Mrs. Harry Wearne.

BELOW RIGHT: Palampore: Painted and dyed cotton. Made for the European market. Coromandel Coast (northern region), eighteenth century, second half. (Collection: Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Canada)



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ARTIST OF THE MONTH

Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

Urmil Chadha has three solo exhibitions to her credit. Her recent show at Art Heritage, New Delhi, is her fourth venture. She has not won awards, fame or recognition, but she very definitely belongs to the emerging generation of promising artists. She has dedicated herself to Art for Art's sake.

After her graduation from Punjab University, Urmil got a Diploma from the Fine Arts Delhi Polytechnic in 1962. Since then she has been painting consistently. She suffered a severe setback when she developed a painful allergy to oil colours while still a student. She tried wearing gloves but it was of no avail. She gave up oils.

But she did not give up painting and found a vent for her expressionistic creations in watercolours, ink and tempera colours. Over years of painstaking experiments by trial and error, she has perfected the art of colour wash and careful paring away of the surface of colours to reveal beautiful muted shades and arresting arrangements.

"Her works are somewhat reminiscent of Paul Klee," says Dr. Alkazi, "but whereas Paul Klee walks with the line she runs and even flies with it." This sensation of flight or relief is evident in most of her drawings, even the geometric arrangements. The innate feeling for flight, the upward surge is, she feels, inherent in the Indian blood.

She is a typical artist; intense, moody, temperamental, and a highly strong personality. Her eyes and face depict a sensitive nervousness. "I am quite dreadful when I am in a bad mood and try not to expose that side of myself. I have fits of depression and the mood comes out in my work. Some of the paintings are done in a happy mood, others are soft and nostalgic and yet others are sad."

Urmil is unmarried and has concentrated all her emotions and creative urges on khadi paper which forms her canvas. She prefers working on quarter or half sheets because they suit her temperament and occupy less storage space. She works in tune with the lunar movements and so her activity waxes or wanes with the moon.

URMIL CHADHA

ART FOR ART'S SAKE



"I can never be alone without feeling lost and afraid. I need people around me, but at the same time I draw my inspiration from nature."

Form is very sacred to her and though these forms are distorted to emphasize the specific expression she wishes to convey, they are still recognizable as forms or shapes. As Allen Leepa, a great name in the appreciation of art, says, "A work of art expresses the artists's felt conception of reality. Art is a plastic tool in the service of an intimate mirroring of the reality of personal perception, of the rational and the irrational, the formal and the expressional". Urmil's paintings are a concentration of emotion and expression.

She works more in black and white as she finds it more poignant and resorts to pen and ink

evolve. I just paint by instinct."

She is a great appreciator of primitive art which has influenced her in no small way. Although, folk art has had some influence on her paintings, she considers it too symmetrical and too crowded.

Her geometric compositions are all made with a footrule. The one depicted here is one of her best and it began when she was just playing around with a ruler. She suddenly realized the poetry of its formation and it launched her into a series of compositions.

Urmil Chadha's art is a new talent that awaits recognition and encouragement. Art should not be motivated by sale value or name value. Its aim should be to "create an informal and serious awareness of all that is most



She has not found art financially rewarding—"I have not made a paisa from it," she says but she brushes this aside as something totally irrelevant. "I am not dependant on this for a living and money means nothing to me."

She lives with her father, a lawyer, and her studio is a little room on top. It is a studio with a 'split personality' as one window looks out on an unbroken line of green bushes and trees that form the ridge, while the window on the opposite side brings in the view of crowded flats, the hustle and bustle of humanity, the noises, joys and sorrows of a throbbing city. Urmil finds this a wonderful combination for she adores nature and yet is drawn to the crowds.

Screen With Legs. It shows the influence of primitive cave art on Urmil's work.

RIGHT: Geometric Confession (1976). It began when she was playing around with a ruler.



or brush and watercolour when the mood moves her. This diversity of medium gives more scope for creativity.

"Painting is somewhat like travelling without a destination," she says. "You don't know where you are going to land or what is to happen and this is part of the thrill. I never know how my paintings are going to

vital, enriching and meaningful in art, past and present. Only such awareness can discard the mediocre and the meretricious and enable us to respond to works which, while reflecting the world, emphasize our responsibility in the cherishing and the reshaping of it."

Malati Jaikumar.



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COTTON CALL

new fashion arrivals in cottons to make cool, comfortable and very tempting in the evening. They allow you to breathe freely, keep fresh and look elegant from sunrise to the sunset. A PAREKH has given a luxurious look to casuals with a sparkle of motifs, prints and patterns. Definitely the choice of the fashion wise. The saree lend themselves to the current prints and colours that are young, free

our selection of these exclusively printed from an exhibition and sale to be held at Gallery on May 2 and 3, 1979.



LEFT: Delightful and fabulous — a striped saree in sky blue looks very cool and fresh. Border has an intricate pattern which repeats on the 'patli', giving the saree a different look. Traditional paisley motifs adorn the pallav edge of this deep red saree edged with a delicate gold braid.

CENTRE : Cool combinations — the angarkha-styled churidar kameez ensemble has a tradition print spiked with sober and sophisticated colour combinations. The black and red stand out beautifully on a white organdie saree. Checked all over, has borders delicately printed in black and red.

ABOVE: An all-time fashion favourite are these printed sets with an unusual combinations of colours and designs. Wear with harem-style pants or a very loose salwar. Dupatta co-ordinates with the outfit.

Photographs: Farokh Reporter

THE STORY SO FAR...

Young Lauren Fletcher flies to West Asia to take up appointment as secretary to the Director of Akhmar Oil Company. Her co-passenger, Molly Kennedy, is enroute to join her husband Alan, a veteran employee in the same firm. At the destination Lauren is met by Peter Corbett, a company representative, but is upset by a confrontation with a surly stranger whom she takes for some roughneck. In her living quarters, she meets Kath Stevens, her room-mate. On the official side she gets a shock when Edgar Stewart, the Director, introduces her to his drilling superintendent, Blake Elliot. He is the "roughneck" she had encountered earlier. To complicate matters there is some mysterious antagonism between Peter and Blake.

For Lauren, office life brings constant skirmishes with Blake, who possesses a disturbing physical attraction she does not show. The monthly dance at the Dolphin Club introduces Adele Harding, a local nurse, who is Blake's constant companion. At Molly's house one evening, Lauren meets Blake. She also learns about the rig fire accident that affected Blake's personality.

One night, Peter and Lauren in an intimate mood at Dolphin Club, are sermonized by Blake on Arabic norms of decency in public behaviour. Later in office, Blake tries to warn Lauren about involvement with Peter, but she is rebellious. At Guy Fawkes Night in Akhmar, Lauren heroically saves Molly's daughter Sharon from destruction by the bonfire and earns Blake's admiration. Back in office, none-the-worse for her stint in hospital, she is escorted by Blake to an official party, where she meets Ben Abdul Hassan, a wealthy Arab Sheikh who is smitten by her charms.

A quiet dinner for two at Blake's house later, raises her hopes of making headway with him, but she discovers on Blake's desk the photograph of a lovely girl with the inscription: "To Blake with love, Tracey." When he tries to kiss her later, she stiffly resists, though she has fallen desperately in love with him. Christmas brings tenderness and she comes closer to Blake at a reunion in the Kennedy household, but a misunderstanding brews when she receives an expensive emerald bracelet as a gift from Sheikh Hassan. In the fierce argument between Lauren and Blake later, she hands him

the bracelet to return to the Sheikh. To get Lauren out of an awkward situation, Blake is forced to tell Hassan that he (Blake) intends to marry Lauren himself.

NOW READ ON. . . .

SHE bent her head so that he would not see her trembling, busying herself with checking appointments. The action evidently provoked him and he said sarcastically, "Don't let the matter of our future marriage stop you working. Such zeal is commendable. The hunting trip has blown the cobwebs away, so I'm ready to tackle the paperwork. Let's start."

"Certainly, Mr. Elliot," she replied. She picked up her notebook and went ahead of him into the inner sanctum.

As Blake signed papers, late the following afternoon, he said unexpectedly, "I suppose you're going to celebrate New Year's Eve at the dance tonight?"

"Yes," Lauren admitted defensively.

"With the admirable Mr. Corbett?"

"That's right Mr. Elliot."

Blake stroked his chin thoughtfully as if he had some doubts on the matter. "I'm sure you'll have a most enjoyable evening," he said.

"It's my intention to have an enjoyable evening," she snapped.

In the end the dance proved to be a somewhat slow affair despite Peter's entertaining account of his holiday in Isfahan. Caught up in the crowd of people singing Auld Lang Syne, Lauren remembered Blake with a yearning intensity and found it unbearably difficult to think of the future, deprived of his love. As for Blake's comment that he intended to marry her, she had reached the conclusion that Blake had made the remark on the spur of the moment, knowing Hassan would accept such an explanation. He had only wanted to save her from the embarrassment and implications of such an expensive gift.

Winter came swiftly upon the oil town. With it came the excitement of preparing costumes for the fancy dress ball to be held at the Dolphin Club on St. Valentine's Day. Kath was to wear a maroon gown in her masquerade as Elizabeth Barret Browning. Lauren's costume was a gown of green velvet, a shawl round her shoulders and a flower seller's basket to clutch in her

hand. She was to go as Eliza Dolittle.

On the day of the ball, Kath said, "Well, Eliza Dolittle, let's hope you meet Professor Higgins!" She giggled, "You look enchanting but you'll have to mind your language." "Too bloody right!" Lauren grinned. That Peter there, is going as Sir Lancelot."

The two girls were still laughing when Peter and Ted Massey arrived. Ted Massey was a new doctor at the hospital and over the weeks Kath had developed an attachment for him which showed signs of ending in mar-

PART FIVE

sand through my fingers

Lee Naughton

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS was originally published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, c Lee Naughton 1978 (Australian Copyright).

riage. It was a happy foursome that made their way to the Dolphin Club.

At the party Lauren had all eyes for Blake. To her, Blake was the most distinguished man in the room, in the scarlet and gold apparel of the British regiment. She continued watching Blake and willed that he look at her. To her amazement, he stared across the room as if he had listened to her thoughts. Slowly he walked towards her, Adele unwillingly following in his wake.

Amusement danced in the dark blue eyes as he appraised Lauren's waif-like appearance: "Miss Dolittle, I presume? May I say how charmingly you look?"

"Good evening, Major Elliot," Lauren said impishly. "May I say what a handsome military man you make?"

"They're playing my favourite waltz. Let's dance."

"I'd love to," Lauren said breathlessly. Blake guided her to the dance floor. Adele's amber eyes glinted with malice.

With an almost physical start, she became aware of Blake saying softly, "You're as beautiful as your flowers, Eliza."

"Thank you, Major Elliot," she teased, "but they will surely wilt unless they're cared for."

"I'm sure that can be arranged," Blake whispered and Lauren swallowed quickly to disperse the emotional pull of her thoughts.

"In what way?" she asked breathlessly.



He grinned easily. "The swimming pool is still full — water there be, if water is needed. In with the lot, including Eliza Dolittle."

After the dance when they returned to the table, Kath gave Blake a wide friendly smile. "Why don't you join us, Blake?"

"That's very kind of you," he started to say and Lauren sensed he was intent on refusing when Adele returned with Peter. Her face was upturned in laughter, her expression bright with conquest. Lauren felt herself wilt, in contrast to her raving beauty. Blake must have felt the same because he led Adele to the dance floor.



Lauren felt herself wilt, in contrast to Adele's raving beauty.

Blake must have felt the same because he led Adele to the dance floor.

The others were talking, laughing, but Lauren was unaware of it all.

"Lauren, didn't you hear what I said?" Peter's voice was petulant.

"Sorry, Peter," she said with a trace of apology. "Tell me again."

"I asked if you'd noticed that chunky opal on Adele's right hand. The rumour is circulating that she's become engaged." He flashed a meaningful glance towards the dance floor. "No need to wonder who the lucky man is!"

★

After that declaration from Peter that he believed Adele and Blake to be secretly engaged, Lauren relentlessly drove thoughts of him, deeper into the caverns of her mind. In an effort to convince herself that she did not love the drilling superintendent, she saw a great deal of Peter Corbett. Such evenings were full of fun. Peter constantly avowed his love. Lauren, in turn, refused to take him seriously.

She was aware that events moved swiftly in the oil industry, but even so, she was surprised at the speed with which her own little world changed. Overnight, it seemed, Mr. Stewart returned to Akhmar. Blake travelled to England to take up a temporary desk job in the London office. Adele did not renew her contract as nurse—but to Lauren's misery, left for London to purchase her trousseau. Kath and Ted Massey became engaged and announced their intention to marry in the autumn.

One evening in early June, Peter said casually, "What about taking a trip to Jamil, Lauren?"

"Jamil?" Lauren stared at him blankly.

"Jamil Oasis." Peter smiled wryly. "It's a real experience."

"I'd love to go," she said. "I can't afford to miss the chance of seeing a genuine oasis."

"Let's make it a fortnight from tomorrow then. The tempera-

tures are beginning to climb, so we'd better start early."

The next morning, she woke early. Half-way through the morning, a cable arrived from Blake. Lauren's heart missed a beat as she read the message a second time. "Returning Tuesday — 14th June. Please arrange transportation — 0830 hrs. Airport. Sgd. Elliot."

Life was suddenly wonderful.

Tuesday came at last. Lauren sat at her desk trying to concentrate on a complicated tabulation, but her every sense was alert to the fact that Blake would soon arrive. Relentlessly the clock ticked the minutes away, making the morning seem endless, then the door opened and a familiar voice said, "Hello, Lauren. Any coffee?"

Lauren felt transfixed as those familiar dark blue eyes held her own. "Gallons," she said.

There was a tiniest pause and when he spoke, his voice was timbered with feeling.

"What about having a celebration? Dine with me on Friday?"

"I'd love to," Lauren replied, then as her brain registered the fact that Friday was the day she had arranged to go to Jamil with Peter, dismay changed her smile to a frown. "I'd love to Blake," she said. "but I can't. I've arranged to go to Jamil with Peter. I promised more than two weeks ago. Perhaps we could dine another time?"

There was a small silence while Blake looked at her, an odd expression in his eyes, but when he spoke there was no emotion in his voice. "We can't have you disappointing Mr. Corbett. As you say, another time."

It was difficult to believe that the atmosphere could suddenly be charged with undercurrents of feeling, in such a short time. They could not meet without some reaction.

Friday saw her all rigged out in cotton shirt and slacks with a wide-brimmed hat to protect her head from the sun. The day, however, got off to a bad start. Peter phoned to say he had overslept and it was after seven-thirty when he finally arrived. They left town by the southern route.

The sun was climbing high in the sky and it began to grow uncomfortable in the confined space of the car.

Peter apologized. "Sorry I overslept. We should have left

much earlier." He glanced sideways at her and smiled encouragement. "Have patience, princess. Won't be too long before we hit Jamil."

On and on, they continued to drive, the car jerking sporadically over the ridged track.

They sighted the palm trees. "There's Jamil," said Peter. "Isn't it a sight for sore eyes?"

"It certainly is," Lauren thankfully agreed.

"Won't I be glad to get into the shade with the food and drink!"

Lauren hardly heard him. She felt the world had suddenly grown very still. It was a remarkable thing to come out of the pitiless heat and see between heaven and earth, green blended against golden sand.

Peter made a direct course for the trees. They set the hamper beneath the palms that fringed a wide pool, ate lunch and drank lager, with several cups of coffee. They were silent, too tired for emotion. It was way past mid-afternoon, when they left Jamil for the return journey.

Again they drove in silence, Peter concentrating on the corrugated track that was their lifeline back to base. There seemed to be a profound silence everywhere. As if the bare desert and every form of life in it, was waiting for something to happen.

"Do you feel something in the atmosphere?" Lauren asked restlessly.

"No I don't," Peter said crossly. "Stop worrying Lauren. Settle back and let me concentrate on the driving."

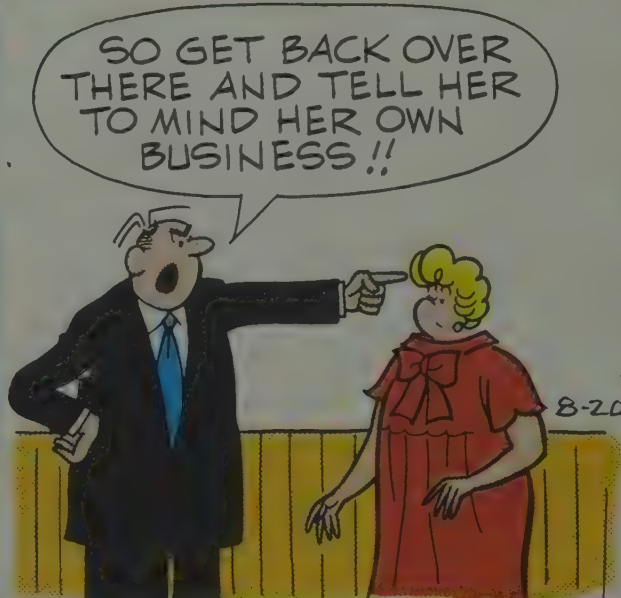
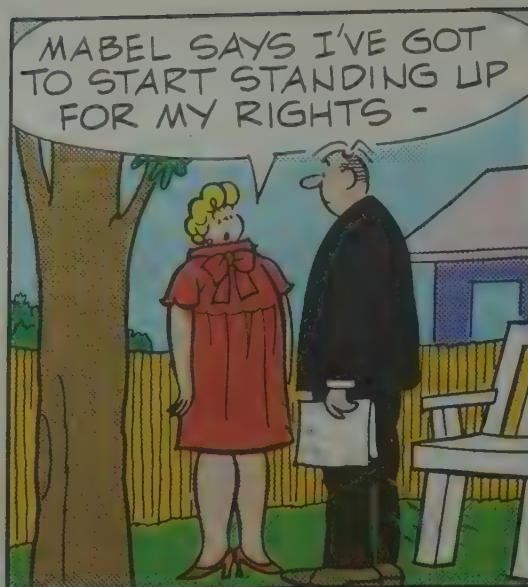
Lauren felt jaded, knowing suddenly the day had turned sour. He must have sensed the change in her. "Sorry, Lauren," he apologized. "I didn't mean to bark. It's getting too bumpy for my liking." He tightened his grip on the wheel as the car bumped and rocked alarmingly.

"I think I'll try that white patch of sand," he told her. "It looks firm enough." With that pronouncement, he swung the car off the track, and there was a sudden shuddering as the engine stalled. Peter shook his head with vexation and tried to start the engine again. It roared to life but when he put the car in gear and released the clutch, the rear wheels spun uselessly and

Continued on page 49

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin



L. WOMAN

"When I die, I want to be cremated," said the man.

"That would be just like you," replied his wife, "to go away and leave ashes lying all over the floor."

* * *

Little Bertha insisted that she be permitted to serve the tea when her mother was entertaining her club. Her mother consented. However, she became annoyed at the long delay.

"Where were you so long, my dear?"

"I couldn't find the tea-strainer," said Bertha.

"Then how did you strain it so well?"

"I used the fly-swatter."

* * *

And then there was the butcher who backed into the meat grinder and got a little behind in his orders.

* * *

A man was challenged by his good friend as to who was the more energetic person. The first said he got up at six, went for a walk, breakfasted at eight and then did an hour's work, then went to the office, half an hour

THAT'S A LAUGH!

for lunch and so on. The detailed work and alternating exercise stretched out till 11 p.m.

"Well," said the friend, "how long have you been doing this?"

"I start on Monday."

Doctor: "There's no need to worry about your wife; you'll



have a different woman when she gets back from the hospital."

Anxious husband: "And what if she finds out?"

* * *

"As we have known each other for so long doctor, I won't insult you by paying your bill. Instead, I have left you a handsome legacy in my will."

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," said the doctor. "Would you just let me look at that prescription again. There is a slight alteration I'd like to make."

* * *

Did you hear about the successful salesman who proposed marriage to his girlfriend? He finished up by saying, "And this is positively the final day of this astonishing offer."

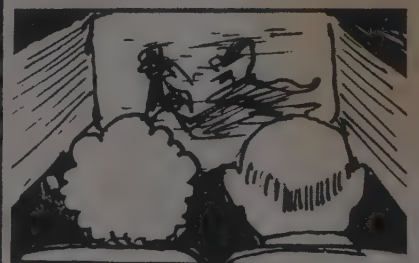
* * *

A newcomer at a poker table was amazed to see that one of the players was a dog.

"He must be pretty clever," said the new arrival.

"Oh, I don't know," said one of the regulars. "Every-

time he gets a good hand he wags his tail."



A couple celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary went to the pictures and saw a number of torrid love scenes. When it was over the wife said to her husband: "Why is it you never make love to me like that?"

"Are you crazy?" said her ever-loving. "Do you know how much they pay those fellows to do that?"

"I think my wife has grown tired of me."

"What makes you think that?"

"She keeps wrapping my sandwiches in a road map."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

the lure of desserts

"DESSERTS ARE A SPARKLING FINALE TO A SUMPTUOUS MEALS," SAYS **MRS. SNEHPRABHA CHADHA.** A B.A. FROM DELHI UNIVERSITY, SHE TOOK TO COOKING ONLY AFTER MARRIAGE. WITH HER ENCOURAGING HUSBAND WHO ENJOYS GOOD FOOD, SHE TOOK COURSES IN COOKING AND SPECIALIZED IN CHINESE COOKING. BOTH ENTERTAIN FRIENDS REGULARLY. SHE SHARES WITH US SOME OF HER QUICK, SIMPLE AND EASY PUDDING IDEAS. SHE CONDUCTS COOKING CLASSES AND OCCASIONALLY GIVES TELEVISION DEMONSTRATIONS.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

2 tsp. chocolate powder
1 tsp. gelatine
1 glass milk
1 tsp. cornflour
4 cherries
Sugar to taste

Place a cup of water to boil. Add sugar and chocolate powder. Remove from the fire. Dissolve gelatine separately in warm water. Add to the above mixture. Keep aside. Now boil the milk. Add cornflour mixed with little water. Keep the two mixtures aside separately. Now, put the cornflour mixture in a serving dish and spread the chocolate mixture carefully over it. Decorate with chopped cherries. Set to cool in the refrigerator.

Photograph: Farokh Reporter



PINEAPPLE UPSIDE DOWN

- 200 grams brown sugar
- 200 grams butter
- 1 tin pineapple
- 55 grams cherries
- 500 grams flour
- $\frac{3}{4}$ tsp. baking powder
- A pinch of salt
- 100 grams margarine
- 4 eggs, beaten
- 250 grams castor sugar
- 6 tps. milk

Cream the brown sugar and butter. Place in a baking dish. Arrange the pineapple and cherries on top. Leave aside. Beat the margarine, salt and castor sugar till light and fluffy. Slowly add the beaten eggs and milk. Beat well and lastly add the sifted flour. Blend well. Pour over the pineapple and cherries. Bake in a hot oven for 30 to 40 minutes.

BUTTER SPONGE

- 1 glass milk
- 3 eggs
- 1 tsp. butter
- 1 tsp. monkey nuts
- Sugar to taste
- 1 tsp. custard powder

Melt the butter in the fry pan. Put in sugar. Let the sugar melt slightly. Beat the eggs in milk separately and add to the sugar mixture. Keep stirring. When it begins to simmer add the custard powder dissolved in little milk or water. Remove from the fire and beat the complete mixture well with an egg beater. Leave it to set in the refrigerator. Garnish with monkey nuts before serving.

RUM PUDDING

- 2 tbsps. rum
- 2 tbsps. coffee
- 1 packet marie biscuits
- 1 tsp. dessicated coconut
- Sugar to taste

Place a cup of water to boil. Add sugar to taste and coffee powder. Let the sugar dissolve. Put a packet of marie biscuits in this mixture. When the biscuits become soft and dissolve in the mixture, pour out in a dish. Add rum and mix well. Garnish with dessicated coconut.

SEMOLINE DELIGHT

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup semolina
- 2 cups milk
- 1 tsp. cornflour
- 2 tbsps. pineapple juice
- 4 cherries
- 2 tbsps. sugar

Blend semolina and sugar in milk. Cook on low heat, stirring continuously. When it boils, add the dissolved cornflour. Remove from the fire. Add pineapple juice only after the mixture is completely cool. Garnish with chopped cherries.

CHOCOLATE FUDGE

- 1 tin condensed milk
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups water
- 2 cups sugar
- 4 tbsps. chocolate powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
- 1 tsp. rose essence

Dissolve sugar in water. Let it simmer. Mix the chocolate powder with the condensed milk. Add to the above mixture. Cook till the mixture thickens. Add butter and rose essence. Leave to set in a flat dish. When cool, cut in pieces and serve.

LEMON DELIGHT

- $\frac{1}{2}$ litre milk
- 2 tbsps. flour
- 1 lemon
- 3 eggs, separated
- 2 tbsps. butter
- 4 tbsps. sugar

Cream butter and sugar. Grate the lemon rind and add to the above mixture. Add flour and lemon juice. Beat the egg yolks separately in milk. Gently add to the above butter mixture. Blend well. Beat egg whites till stiff. Fold into the above mixture. Pour out in a greased oven proof dish and bake in a moderate oven.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

MARATHI — 2

In response to requests from readers, we now give you every fortnight, equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

HERBS & GREEN SPICES

Coriander	Dhane
Garlic	Lasoon
Ginger	Aale
Mint	Pudena
Curry leaves	Kadhilimb

CEREALS and LENTILS

Rice	Tandool
Bengal Gram	Harbhara
Broken Black Gram	Udadachi dal
Tur Gram	Tur dal
Dry red beans	
Large white gram	Kabuli chane
Lentil	Masurchi dal
Chowli	Chawli
Rice Flakes	Pohe
Green gram	Mugachi dal
Moth beans	Matki
Red gram	
Semolina	Rawa
Flour	Kanik
Sago	Sabu dana
Millet flour	Bajariche peeth
White gram	Pandhare watane
Cornflour	Makyache Peeth
Vermicelli	Shevaya
Barley	Jav
Whole Black Gram	Udid
Whole Green Gram	Moog
Bengal Gram	Chanyachi Dal

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The cookery Queen of the month of May, will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00.

- 1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel KITCHEN-KING Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from ASHA APPLIANCES, Bombay, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, 3) A non-stick coated Saucette from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, and 4) a special gift of 2 kg. packet of fresh mushrooms or Rs. 25.00 cash prize will be awarded to the Queen and the three best recipes from SIMMIM FARMS, New Delhi.



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RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Miss Niri Bhalla, Bombay.

EGG UTTHAPPAM

- 3 eggs
- 6 bread slices
- 1 small onion, chopped finely
- 1 small tomato, chopped
- Coriander leaves, chopped
- 1" piece ginger, chopped
- 2 green chillis

Salt to taste

1 tsp. chilli powder

1 tsp. garam masala

A little milk

Oil for frying

Beat the eggs. Soak the bread slices in water. Squeeze out the water and add to the beaten eggs. Add a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of oil into the mixture. To make the mixture smooth, add some milk to it.

Heat oil on a tava. Take a portion of the mixture and spread it evenly and immediately. Sprinkle a little of the chopped onions, tomatoes, ginger, coriander leaves and green chillis, with a pinch of salt, chilli powder and garam masala. Fry both sides.



Indulata Mohanty, Orissa.

BAKE RICE PUDDING

- 1 cup fine rice
- 4 cups milk

- 1½ cup sugar
- 1 elachi
- 50 grams raisins
- 100 grams cashewnuts
- 1 tsp. pure ghee

Soak the rice in water till it is soft enough to grind. Grind to a fine paste using a little water. Fry the cashewnuts in ghee till light brown. Crush and keep aside.

Wash the raisins, drain and keep aside. Now, mix the rice paste with milk thoroughly. Pour the mixture into a kerahi slowly leaving the rough grains of rice, if any, behind. Put the kerahi on fire and stir in round movements continuously. While stirring, put in the sugar. When the mixture thickens, put in the raisins and elachi and continue stirring. When it leaves the sides of the kerahi, pour the contents into a greased baking tray. Sprinkle the top with fried cashewnuts and bake in a moderate oven for about 15 to 20 minutes. Cool and serve.



Mrs. Padma Venkataraman, Sankarnagar.

WEEKLY WINNER

PREETI GUPTA,
New Delhi.



Mrs. Gupta wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries and a book by Aroona Reejsinghani.

KARELA KURMAI

- 250 grams bitter gourds (karelas)
- 3 onions, sliced finely, lengthwise
- 1 tomato, peeled, chopped
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ tsp. red chilli powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- Salt to taste
- 1 tsp. ginger extract
- ¾ cup milk
- 2 bay leaves
- ¼ cup thin cream
- 15 cashewnuts
- 2-3 drops of kewra essence

- Groundnut oil
- Fresh coriander leaves, chopped
- 1 tbsp. dessicated coconut

Clean and wash the bitter gourds. Cut into 2" pieces, giving a slit in the centre. Soak in salted water for half an hour. Wash in enough water. Dry the pieces with a clean cloth.

Deep fry the karela pieces till they are golden brown. Drain, and keep aside. In the same ghee fry the chopped onions till golden brown. Remove and keep aside. Fry the cashewnuts and keep aside.

Now heat only one tablespoon of oil in a karahi. Add the chopped tomato and saute for sometime. Add turmeric, garam masala, salt and red chilli powder. Mix the fried karela pieces with fried onions, milk, dessicated coconut and ginger extract. Cover and cook on slow fire, stirring it occasionally, till the milk dries up and the karelas become soft. Remove from the fire and cool.

Add the cream and kewra essence and the fried cashewnuts. Re-heat before serving. Serve hot with chopped coriander leaves.

CAULIFLOWER PAROTHA

- ½ kg cauliflower
- 2 green chillis
- ½ kg wheat flour
- 4 tsps. milk
- 1 big onion
- 1 tsp. masala powder
- 2 tsps. salt
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. thymol seeds
- ½ tsp. cummin seeds
- 1 small piece ginger
- 200 grams ghee

Mix the wheat flour with milk, salt and four teaspoonful of ghee. Knead well. Keep aside for one hour.

Clean the cauliflower, onion, ginger, chillis, cut them and fry them lightly. Add the remaining salt, cummin seeds, thymol seeds, masala powder and mix well. Cook till tender. Make small balls out of this mixture. Roll out the wheat dough into even size chappatis. Place a ball of the filling in the centre. Cover from all the sides and roll out into a fairly big chappati. Fry on both sides.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

MIRROR

Breaking the Age Barrier

Grandpa—An easy-chair in the sunlit verandah, a flask of coffee and a copy of the Mirror—that is grandpa's idea of relaxation. He is poring over an article on the generation gap



Grandma—Her grandson has finally gone to sleep. So, it is time for a quick look at the Mirror for grandma. She is absorbed in the mystery of the Hope diamond, peering down memory lane at her own struggles to acquire her diamonds.



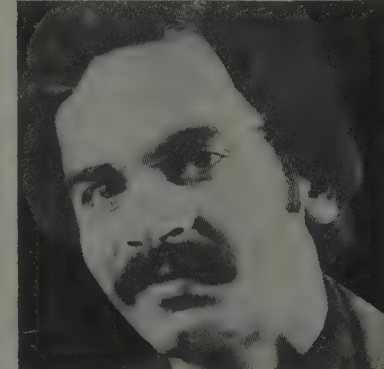
The daughter-in-law—As a custodian of the health and well-being of her family, the daughter-in-law finds the 'Your health is our concern' column fascinating.



The son—A busy executive relaxes with the Mirror, noting the quotations at the end of the articles for his next Junior Chamber speech.



The younger daughter-in-law—She has literary aspirations. Mirror's regular column on "The writing of poetry" has put her on the right track.



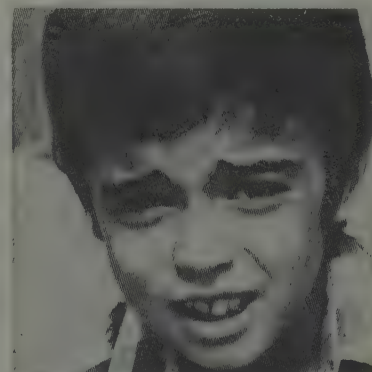
The younger son—What does life have in store for him? Will he too achieve greatness like all the men and women he has been reading about in Mirror's 'How they became great' column?



The teenage son—His favourite hobby is pen pals and Mirror's 'Pen Pals' column opens out new worlds to him.



The teenage daughter—She likes to impress her boy friends with the wealth of general knowledge that she gleans through the Mirror.



The little son—He resents the Mirror. The whole family is immersed in it and finds no time for him. But he does like the Ripley's, 'Believe it or not' page in Mirror.



The little daughter—She can't wait to grow up to join the happy family of Mirror readers.

The Mirror is a complete family magazine—a good, clean, family magazine with no sex, sensationalism, politics, or cinema. There is something for every member of the family in the Mirror. Every issue has 110 pages of well-researched, informative, entertaining articles on a wide spectrum of subjects. The Mirror is a magazine which gives you value for money and is a must for every family.



MIRROR

Incentive

Accent On Shoulders

Ratna Gehani

Everyone wants to feel young — and be young as long as possible—truly a healthy trend. You can slow down the ageing process with proper care.

Apart from hands, skin and eyes, shoulders also display your age. Rounded shoulders will make you look years older than you are. Try this test: stand with back to wall, heels touching. If back of shoulders and head too touch the wall, you are probably giving a youthful impression. If not, pull yourself in, up and back. A slumped figure betrays advancing age. Besides effecting your appearance, posture habits can influence heart, stomach, kidneys and the reproductive organs.

Eliminating rounded shoulders and a hunched back can help you breathe more deeply. Breathing is deeper when the chest is held high. Deep breathing means better blood circulation. Digestion also improves with posture correction.

From the age of 35 onwards, sometimes fat gets accumulated at shoulders because of insufficient exercises.

The way you walk or hold yourself is more essential to beauty than a pretty face. A good posture will give you self-confidence. Here are some faults one finds in posture. The hump develops when the shoulders are rounded and the chest caves in. Taller girls tend to hunch wanting to minimize their height. To remedy this, pull yourself up and straight and sit or stand erect with shoulders back.

The droop makes your shoulders and bustline sag — you should hold yourself erect. The important thing is to stand up with shoulders back, chin up, stomach held in. Book balancing is the best exercise to improve posture.



Some women look 10 years younger...their movements reveal the age their looks conceal. With faulty posture one thing leads to another and when posture is off the beam, awkward stiff movement are inevitable.

At the mere mention of the word posture you automatically stiffen giving the impression that good posture means being rigid. Relax....keep your shoulders squared and relaxed. When you pull yourself up to your full height, make the middle muscles do the lifting.

This exercise is good for improving posture.

Stand with feet apart and arms straight out in front of you. Twist to right, touching the floor behind right foot, with fingertips of your left hand. Return to starting position. Repeat to left. Alternate sides — do for 10 minutes daily.

Sitting the whole day at your desk in the office, some girls develop shoulder slump. This results again from poor posture and bad sitting habits. You should sit tall, sit back in your chair. When you tend to slouch, pull yourself up. Stretch head from shoulders, shoulders from waist and waist from hips.

Here are some exercises to get rid of the roundness:

1. Stand, place your fingertips on your shoulders. Now rotate arms in a backward circular movement.
2. Stand, place your hands on your waist. Then push your elbows as if you are trying to bring them together.
3. Extend arms out at shoulder level, bring them down crossing in front and then swirl them up and around making two complete circles.

Here is another effective exercise to reduce shoulders and back.

Sit on the floor, legs straight in front of you and apart, hands

clasped tightly behind your neck keep elbows back. Now bend and swing to touch your head to your right knee. Back to upright position and then repeat touching your left knee. Repeat 10 times.

Regularly is vital, so do these exercises daily until they are a part of your routine.

Here are some exercises for shapely shoulders.

Stand with your arms held out at sides, at shoulder level, palms down. Rotate shoulders back, turning palms forward, then turn palms backwards. Start with ten rotations, increase up to 20. Then rotate each shoulder separately 10 times.

Before you wear halter neck dresses make sure that you can stand up to exposure. Check in a mirror to see that your shoulders and back are smooth and flawless. The result of neglect can be dry, spotty skin. Daily scrubbing with soap and water is best for toning circulation and cleansing the skin. Scrub in small circular movement; it will free pores of dirt and dust. Then massage back and shoulders well to stimulate blood circulation. Minor imperfections will disappear with a medicated lotion or cream.

If your shoulders are discoloured rub lemon juice on them to bleach them. Cut down on starchy and fried foods. Include green vegetables, fresh foods and salads in your diet, also plenty of water. Use a body lotion; bath oils are good for a dry skin. Rub oil on shoulder blades and the base of neck. Keep shoulders smooth by massaging cream on the area.

CORRECTION

In the report from Madras on women managers in luxury hotels ("Behind the Five-Star Smile...") in our issue dated April 14, Sucharita Sundaram, a management trainee in Hotel Connemara, Madras, was described as married and having a child. This was a mistake. The whole paragraph beginning, "She began her career as a receptionist..." and ending "...encouragement from her men colleagues in the industry" belongs to another interview, which was subsequently not published. The error and any consequent inconvenience caused is deeply regretted.

Happy bathday to you !



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LIPSTICKS

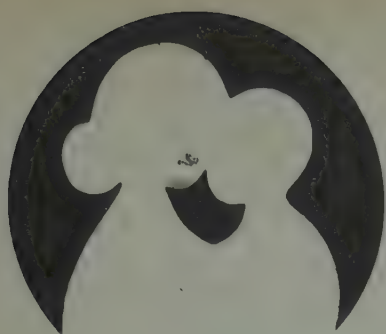
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New

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FROM THE HOUSE OF BAJAJ SALES INTERNATIONAL (PVT) LTD.



She was married at the age of three. By six she was a widow. Now, ninety years later, Mrs. R. Jhaveri is still in mourning. For a husband she does not even remember seeing.

Fifty years ago, in Katangiri, (a village near Mangalore), custom and tradition directed the marriages of ten young couples—almost all below 18. Ten being an even number was considered unlucky and one more couple had to be found. The oldest boy 'available' was only 15 and the girl just four.

Says a relation of the bride, "She was brought to her marriage in a palanquin. She was so small, she had to be carried around! The couples had to sit in a row for the marriage rites and she had to have an adult close at hand to look after her." A classic case of the bride not knowing she was getting married. Today, the widow of Katangiri continues to till her land single-handed.

How did an evil like child marriage originate? A deeper delving into the obscure history of religion and traditions provides no glimmerings of factual evidence. Hindu and Muslim texts expressly forbid the consummation of marriage before girls attain puberty. According to the Hindu shastras, a Hindu male cannot get married unless he has gone through a prolonged moral and intellectual discipline (Brahmacharya). But the fault can still be laid at the door-step of religion. Nowhere does it forbid child marriage. Loopholes were probably found by unscrupulous businessmen with the idea of "my daughter for your kingdom".

The social sin of child marriage is often stalked closely by its partner-in-crime — the dowry system. Keshav was a happy little minor who was saved from the streets by the owner of a suburban automobile garage. Attending school by day and tinkering around in the evenings, one day he suddenly ran away to his village to get married. The reason was: "Unless I got married how could my sister get married?" When this astonishing logic was questioned, his reply was even more astounding: "The do-

wry I received was given as dowry to the man she was to marry."

Banwarilal, a fruit-vendor, rationalizes, "in my village in U.P., the Chowdhury families still get their children married at seven or eight. But the girl is sent to her husband's family only when she is about 16."

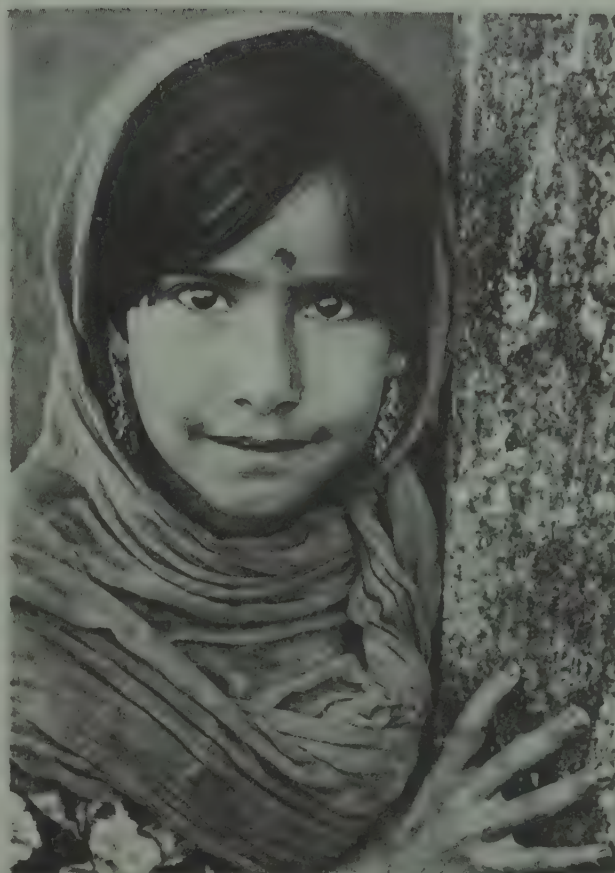
Why are children married off while so young? "Girls are considered to be

ing the same way". Residing in a suburban slum with a Hindu-Muslim population, she "would not like my daughter to marry a Muslim". Meera is only eight and attends school regularly. Occasionally, she helps her mother with her work.

How can the little Meeras of India be saved? Can we allow their individuality to be ruthlessly crushed

CHILD MARRIAGES

Shalan Savur



under the sheer weight of customs, conventions and traditions? A very pertinent question put forward by Dr. S. Muthulakshmi Reddi, a renowned social worker from Madras, sums it up: "Does not early marriage strike at the root of all development — physical, intellectual and even spiritual? Is Hindu society justified in tolerating or conniving at a custom that in the name of religion condemns innocent young girls to a life of degradation and vice?"

In India, rape has always been considered an offence, but a husband who forced his child-wife went unpunished. However, in 1846, the Law Commissioners drafted the Indian Penal Code which stated that a husband who consummated his marriage when his wife was below ten years could be given a life sentence. In 1891, hundreds of girls in Bengal died due to 'premature cohabitation'. The "age of consent" (meaning consent to sexual intercourse) was raised for both boys and girls to 12. In 1923, it was raised to 13. One year per year.

Besides the ones already pointed out, the evils of child marriages are many. Premature maternity has destroyed many a girl's physical health, apart from rendering her a total mental wreck. Many girls develop tuberculosis during pregnancy. They are also prone to osteomalacia — softening of the bones. More often than not, the new-born baby is very small and has little or no immunity from diseases.

Child mortality is very high in some small towns and villages of Andhra Pradesh. One of the reasons could be attributed to early marriages. Proposals for marriages begin as early as when the child is only 15 days old. At the age of 9 years, a girl is considered to be "too old".

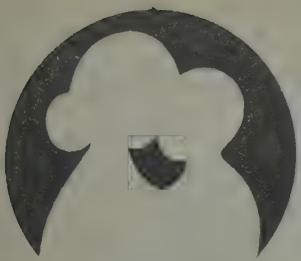
As Lakshman puts it, "Sharam lagti hai (We feel ashamed). It is only in Bombay that such 'old' people are

a burden on the parents, so if a daughter's life is planned out, the parents do not have to worry at all."

It is shocking that even now women are still seen as disposable burdens. What is more surprising is that this is so even in the economically backward sections — where women with heavily loaded boxes and 'tokris' work alongside their husbands. Day in and day out, they equal their men in the quantity of work, with the additional job of cooking for the family, while the men relax with their liquor. And yet, these very same women are considered a 'burden' by their parents.

Aurangabad-born Rukmini is a young domestic, very conscious of her rights. During the '77 elections, she organized the women of her area to vote for the Janata Party. But Rukmini has one blind spot. "I want my daughter to get married when she is 11 or 12." Do you realize it is illegal? "It doesn't make a difference." Having a history of two run-away sisters, Rukmini is afraid of her daughter "go-

Continued on page 51



HE HAD HEARD
SO MUCH
OF THE RIVER.
BUT THE MOUNTAIN
STOOD
BETWEEN THEM

HOW FAR IS THE RIVER?

Ruskin Bond

Between the boy and the river there was a mountain. Rakesh was a small boy, and the river small too, but the mountain was big.

The thickly forested mountain hid the river, but Rakesh knew it was there and what it looked like. He had never seen the river with his own eyes, but from the forest rangers and village milkmen he had heard of it, of the fish in its waters, of its rocks and currents and waterfalls; and it only remained for him to touch the water and know it personally.

He stood in front of his grandfather's house on the slopes opposite the mountain, and gazed across the valley, dreaming of

way he would probably find some fruit. This was the chance he had been waiting for: not because Grandfather objected to his roaming in the hills, but because, when Grandfather was at home, there were always small errands to run — to the post office or the newsagents or

the ration shop — and it was seldom that Rakesh had a whole day to himself. But in the courts, a lot of time got taken up in waiting for officials to arrive and for clerks to finish their cups of tea and for missing files to be found and for magistrates to be found missing and — anyway, it all added up to a full day in the courthouse. For ordinary persons like Rakesh's Grandfather.

Rakesh went indoors and wrapped the loaf of bread in a newspaper. Then he closed all the doors and windows.

The path to the river dropped steeply into the valley; then rose and went round the big mountain. It was frequently used by villagers — woodcutters, milkmen, shepherds, mule-drivers — but there were no villages beyond the mountain or near the river.

Rakesh had walked about a mile down the stony path when he met a woodcutter and asked him how far it was to the river.

The woodcutter was a short, powerfully-built man, with a creased and weathered face and muscles that stood out in hard lumps.

"Seven miles," he said. "Why do you want to know?"

"I am going there," said Rakesh.

"Alone?"

"Of course."

"It will take you three hours to get there, and then you have to climb all the way back. It's not an easy path. Don't delay on the way, or it will be dark before you get home."

"I'm a good walker," said Rakesh. He had never walked more than eight miles before, but he wasn't discouraged by the thought of having to walk fourteen miles in the day. He left the woodcutter on the path and continued down the hill.

It was a dizzy, winding path, and he slipped once or twice and slid into a bush or down a slope of slippery pine needles. But before long he was in the valley, and the path straightened out and then began to rise.

Rakesh met a girl who was coming from the opposite direction. She held a long curved knife with which she had been cutting grass, and there were rings in her nose and ears, and her arms were covered with silver bangles. The bangles made music when she moved her wrists. It was as though her hands spoke a language of their own.

"How far is the river?" asked Rakesh.

The girl had probably never been to the river, or she may

the river. He was barefooted; not because he couldn't afford shoes, but because he felt free with his feet bare, because he liked the feel of warm stones and cool grass, because not wearing shoes saved him the trouble of taking them off.

It was ten o'clock and he knew his grandfather wouldn't be home till evening. Grandfather, a retired ranger, had to go to the courts to collect his pension papers; and in the courts, nothing happened quickly. Rakesh could have joined his friends in a game of cricket, or gone to the cinema — his school was on holiday — but he knew in his bones that this was a good day for walking and a good day for finding the river.

There was a loaf of bread he could take along, and on the



have been thinking of another one, because she said "Twenty miles" without any hesitation.

Rakesh laughed and ran down the path. A parrot screeched suddenly and flew low over his head, a flash of blue and green. It took the course of the path, and Rakesh followed its dipping flight, running until the path rose and the bird disappeared in the trees.

A trickle of water came down the hillside, and Rakesh stopped to drink from the spring. The water was cold and sharp and very refreshing. But he was soon thirsty again. The sun was striking the side of the hill, and the dusty path became hotter, the stones scorching his feet. He was sure he had covered half the distance; he had been walking for well over an hour.

He came to some wild plum trees, and climbed one of them to see if the fruit was ripe. While he was sucking at a rather sour plum, he heard the whining, grumbling sound made by a bear, and presently saw a young bear — bigger than a cub but not yet an adult — shuffle into the clearing near the trees. The bear put his nose to the ground and sniffed along until he came to a large anthill. He was fond of ants — they were delicious! He began blowing rapidly in and out of his nostrils, so that the dust from the anthill flew in all directions. But the anthill had been deserted long before. So, grumbling, the young bear made his way to one of the plum trees. He was fond of plums too. Shinning quickly up a smooth trunk, he was soon perched on the topmost branch.

Then he saw Rakesh, in the next tree.

At once the bear became nervous. He scrambled several feet higher and laid himself out flat on a branch. It was not a very thick branch, and there was a large expanse of bear showing on either side. So he tucked his head behind the trunk, feeling certain that if he could not see the boy, the boy could not see him.

But, like all young bears, he was full of curiosity. Slowly, his black snout appeared around the trunk. But as soon as his eyes met Rakesh's the bear drew his head back with a jerk and hid his face. Rakesh sat quite still, fascinated by the animal's antics.

The bear waited until he thought the boy was not looking, then moved some way down the tree. Looking up again and failing to see Rakesh, the bear stretched across to another branch and helped himself to a plum. Rakesh couldn't help laughing out loud.

The bear was so startled that he tumbled out of the tree and fell with a crash in a heap of dry leaves. He was quite unhurt, but he ran from the clearing, grunting and squealing.

Rakesh filled his pockets with plums and climbed down.

* * *

He saw a boy ahead, driving a few goats down the path. He quickened his step and caught up with the boy.

"How far is the river?" he asked.

The village boy smiled and said "Oh, not far, just round the next hill and straight down."

Rakesh unwrapped his loaf of bread and broke it in two, offering one half to the boy.

When they had finished eating, they walked on together and began talking; and, talking, Rakesh did not notice the smarting of his feet and the heat of the sun and the distance he had covered and the distance he had yet to cover. But after some time his companion had to take another path.

He missed the village boy. He looked up and down the mountain path but no one else was in sight. His own home was hidden from view by the side of the mountain, and there was no sign of the river. He began to feel discouraged. If someone had been with him, he would not have felt like giving up. But on his own, he was conscious of his tiredness and of the great emptiness around him.

Rakesh had come most of the way, and now he couldn't turn back. He had to see the river. If he failed, he would always be a little ashamed of the experience. So he walked on, along the hot, dusty, stony path, past stone huts and terraced fields, until there were no more fields or huts, only forest and sun and loneliness. There were no longer any signs of the presence of people — only trees and rocks and grass and small flowers — and silence...

The silence was a little frightening. There was no movement, except for the bending of grass beneath his feet and the circling of an eagle against the blinding blue of the sky.

Then, as Rakesh rounded a sharp bend, he heard the sound of water.

He gasped with surprise and happiness, and began to run. He slipped and stumbled, but he kept on running, until he was able to plunge into the snow-cold mountain water.

And the water was blue and white and wonderful.

THE BLACK BILL

Continued from page 13

will be Chairman. He will conduct the meeting and he will, undoubtedly, decide its outcome. The terms of office and procedure will be laid down by the employer. In such a situation, what are employees' representatives there for? To become actors in a puppet show?

How undemocratic and biased the whole Bill is can be seen from the provision that, in cases where the local Committee or Council cannot solve the dispute, the decision of the Board of Arbitrators will be final. It cannot be challenged in a court of law. Given the composition of these Boards and Councils, there is little doubt which side the decisions will favour. But in case, heaven forbid, the decision favours the employees, the Ministry has found a solution. The Bill says that if the appropriate government is party to a decision, it may not enforce the decision if it feels that national economy and social justice are affected. These two terms, "national economy" and "social justice" are the vaguest that can be used. They are broad enough to help the government slip out of any embarrassing decision.

With the chips so heavily loaded on the side of the employers and the government, there is little that an employee can do. The only way out — a strike — is also blocked. In the name of equality, both strikes and lock-outs are banned. But when there is no equality in power and wealth, this equality is meaningless. For the employers to pay a thousand rupees' fine as penalty for breaking this ban is not the same as for employees to pay the same. Banning strikes breaks the fundamental rights of employees. These were the kind of rules passed by Hitler in Germany and by Indira Gandhi during the Emergency.

As the provisions have shown, this Bill is an infringement on the fundamental rights of the employees of hospitals and educational institutions. While talking about protecting these employees, the Bill only suppresses their rights to organise and agitate peacefully. Instead of simplifying procedures to settle disputes, the Bill has complicated matters. Disputes will get tied up in all sorts of Boards and Councils and will never be solved. Instead of creating better employee-employer relations, it will add to the existing tensions.

Through their experience, these employees have learnt that alone in their individual institutions they are ineffective. A few hundred can never put enough strength into their case. It is their unity across barriers of separate institutions that is needed. The Bill wants to break this unity. And if this Bill is passed, all the arbitrariness of employers will return. Arbitrary appointments, non-payment of salaries, or the common malpractice of giving only part of the official salary, abrupt terminations, deterioration in working conditions will re-emerge. These malpractices have not yet ended in many schools, colleges and hospitals. Nurses are still being treated like bonded labourers in many private hospitals. They have no fixed hours of work, no holidays, no proper salary. Teachers in some schools still complain that the management keeps their check-books and allows them to take home their salaries only after giving a part of it to them. These grievances are yet to be tackled. If this Bill becomes a law, it will become impossible to tackle them. Emboldened employers will once again reign in their private kingdoms.

An overwhelming number of people employed in these two services are women. They will be the victims if they do not immediately act.

Before I was asked to investigate what happens at a Health Farm, I had never heard of the idea. The handful of acquaintances I queried were equally ignorant. They had heard of Health Clubs; but Health Farms, no.

I had been told that a Health Farm was being run during the summer months in Goa at the Fort Aguada Beach Resort. I was also told of a Health Farm-cum-Ashram at Poona.

I met Mrs. Ramma Bans, Manager of a Health Club in Bombay, and I was pleasantly surprised to discover that she could give me much of the information I desired, since she herself conducts the Health Farm in Goa during May/June. "Our Health Club in Bombay functions throughout the year," she said, "but during summer, business is slack at the hotel in Goa, and several rooms are vacant. Besides, Bombayites are looking for a holiday at this time, so that we literally shift our Health Club unit to Goa. Both the Health Club and our clients profit by the idea." Thus the idea of the Health Farm was born.

ANOTHER AUROVILLE

Mrs. Bans has lived in and studied the running of similar Health Spas in England, France and other parts of Central Europe, and she runs the Goa Health Farm on the same lines. In Europe, too, Health Spas are situated away from the cities, usually at beach resorts or out in the country.

"It is absolutely essential that clients should relax completely and leave behind any tension and strain of work or business," she said. "The whole aim of our Health Farm is to rest and rejuvenate the body, inducing a feeling of peace and tranquility and to start on weight-reduction, if necessary."

The Health Farm in Goa is located amid lush greenery, with miles of sea, sand and surf, so that there is no pollution or noise. Obvious-

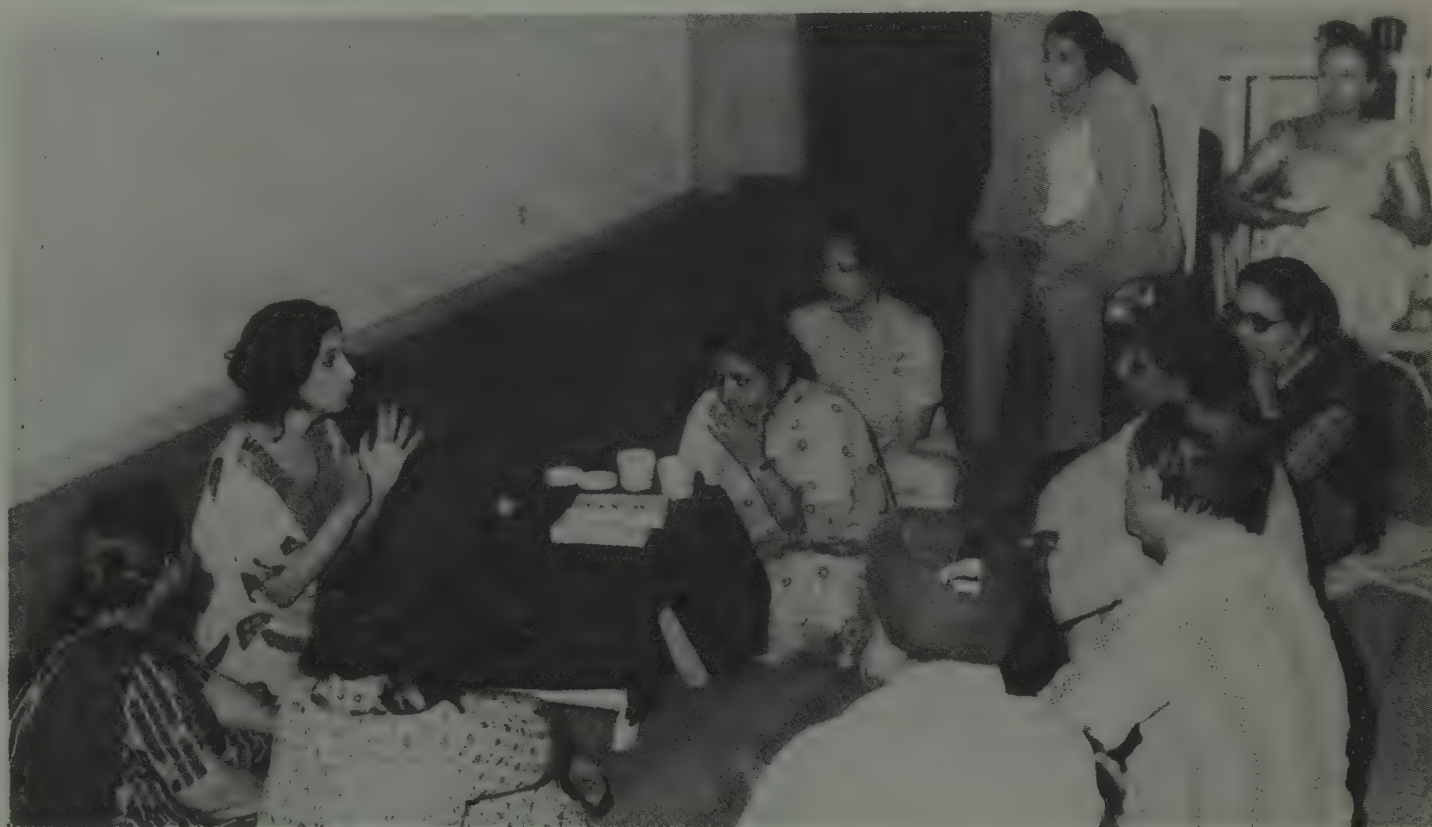
FARMING OUT HEALTH AT Rs. 1000 A WEEK

Rochelle D'Souza

ly, both the environment chosen and the treatment suggested are designed to calm the nerves and to generally help one to unwind both mentally and physically. The cost of the holiday may be fantastic, but this doesn't bother the organisers, who are used to cater-

A typical day in the life of a client at the Health Farm in Goa starts with a brisk walk led by the renowned yoga expert, Dr. Mehrwan M. Bhamgara, who is also an osteopath, or bone specialist, and has travelled around the globe on behalf of the Indian go-

This is complemented with discussions on how to eat, what and when to eat and the dos and don'ts of healthy living. One should not be taken in by the food part, however. For weight-watchers, this is restricted to coconut water, curds and fresh



Ramma Bans teaching facial massage treatment to a class at the Health Farm in Goa.

ing only to the ultra-rich anyway.

If the rave reports of those who have visited the Health Farm and penned down their opinion for future clients are to be believed, then the Health Farm is indeed something. "Another Auroville," wrote one enthusiastic patron. "I wish I could stay forever," wrote another.

How does the method work and what is the system? And the most important question of all, how long do the results achieved during one's stay at the Health Farm last after one resumes one's daily routine?

vernment promoting yoga. The yoga exercise programme begins at 8 a.m. and continues for an hour, under the strict supervision of Mrs. Bans, who is the overall in-charge, and also a yoga expert herself.

When the yoga session ends, the clients proceed for body massage, and steam and sauna baths. Then there is the choice of relaxing by the swimming pool or sunbathing or taking long walks amid the greenery of the seashore.

In the evening, Dr. Bhamgara takes over yoga and meditation, helping the clients to unwind mentally.

fruit only. Mrs. Bans did admit that people do cheat and nibble on the sly, but the beginning of the programme is the most trying. Once people get used to the diet, the desire for food diminishes considerably.

Mrs. Bans is a firm believer in the benefits of yoga. A whole host of diseases and muscular ailments are known to be cured by yogic exercise, including arthritis, rheumatism, gout, sinus, gas problems, heart disease, liver trouble, diabetes and intestinal disorders. Clients are also shown how to stay supple and fit by means of yoga. Some cli-

ents found the yoga sessions so successful and invigorating that they wished to extend their stay by several weeks.

That yoga is a cure for an endless list of ailments is indeed a fact. But do people have to spend a mini-fortune for just a week's stay? Surely they can learn yogic asanas elsewhere for much less. The fact remains, therefore, that like hashish, the Health Farm works like a tranquilizer, psychologically producing a feeling of well-being in one's mind which is induced by the luxurious surroundings. And if one is mentally rested, one

rubs too, and Mrs. Bans explained the method. Salt is rubbed on the skin and the friction which results wears away the topmost layer of the skin which is grimy and stale. The new skin beneath is cleaner, fresher, lovelier. If this is the aim and the achievement, one naturally begins to wonder why this cannot be achieved with a rough brush in the privacy of one's home.

According to Mrs. Bans, however, a brush would not produce the same amount of friction, and would therefore be rather ineffective. Salt is also a cleansing

in the long run.

However, Mrs. Uma Kumbera-Nain, a dietician who also runs a Health Club in Bombay, feels that drastic diets are not advisable at all. The weight loss must be gradual, at the rate of about five kilos a month — never more than that. She feels that a person should choose food sensibly and maintain physical exercise in order to stay fit.

BEAUTY TREATMENT

A doctor I queried is of the same opinion. "I put my foot down when it comes to drastic diets," he said. "Later on, these only result in general weakness, a wan, pinched look, and even anaemia in extreme cases." One will have to continue the diet after one returns home. Everything depends on how much weight the individual has to lose. According to Mrs. Nain, a strict weekly watch has to be kept on the weight drop. "Once your goal is reached, you stop dieting. If one has lost sufficient weight at the Health Farm itself, then further dieting at home is unnecessary."

Of course, if your eating habits run haywire again, then you start the whole painful diet process again.

Do-it-yourself instructions for beauty treatment are also included in the programme. The serenity of the area has so attracted people that not only the overweight, but also those who are high-strung have been encouraged to attend. The shortest stay recommended by Mrs. Bans at the Health Farm is one week. This year, a team of fifty people from Chicago will spend some time at the Goa Health Farm.

The Health Farm is extremely pricey and out of the reach of the middle-class woman. It is the favourite haunt of filmstars, and as I can see it, pot-bellied businessmen. For weight-watchers, weekly charges are Rs. 1,100 for one person and Rs. 1,800 for a couple. For people who attend the course on stress and strain,

charges are Rs. 1,000 for one person and Rs. 1,600 for a couple. Mrs. Nain insisted that a Health Farm could not be conducted on more economical lines to aid the middle-class. It will, therefore, remain only for the affluent.

As an antithesis to the luxury and sensuous delights that the Health Farm at Goa offers, there is an extremely economical Nature Cure Ashram-cum-Health Farm at Uruli Kanchan, in Pune district. Here too, the climatic conditions are excellent and invigorating.

The Uruli Kanchan Ashram was founded by Mahatma Gandhi in 1936 and is run by a public trust, with Balkobhaji Bhawe at its Head. Dr. Sukhbir Rawat, a Nature Cure specialist, gave me many details concerning the running of this Health Farm.

DIET AND EXERCISE

Uruli Kanchan is located about eighteen kms. from Pune, and is easily reached by bus or train from Bombay. The aim of the ashram is to cure all ailments naturally, by means of strict diet and exercise. Only functional diseases are treated here. Functional disorders or diseases are those in which the organ of the body remains structurally intact, but malfunctions for one reason or the other. This functioning is obstructed either by over-eating, under-eating or by lack of physical activity. This can be improved by fasting — total abstinence from all food except water. This is followed by a diet of fruit juices. The use of chillis, oil, fats and sugar is taboo. Salt is used in very limited quantities.

While on juices, the body is also helped by external treatments, including oil massage, hydro-massage, steam-baths, sun-baths, mud applications and hydrotherapy. No electric vibrators are used in the massages.

Continued on page 49



Figure correction and yoga class at the Health Farm.

looks and feels physically fit too. "Of course, the effect is only temporary, and can never be expected to last for ever," Mrs. Bans clarified. "But the routine at a Health Farm can become a way of life, and its effects can last if one lives according to the principles suggested."

Besides there are the sauna baths and vibro-massages which merely induces a feeling of general physical fitness and well-being by slapping up circulation and toning up muscles, though they do not help in weight reduction at all.

There are the salt

agent, removing loose epidermis scales. The slender-tone method is advocated, too. This is an electric massage for shaking off excess fat which works on the same principle as the vibro massage. Clients also receive osteopathic treatment and advice which is reputed to be highly curative for rheumatism, arthritis, muscular aches and ailments.

Weight-watchers are known to lose up to five kilos a day. This may seem incredible, but according to Mrs. Bans, it is completely safe and natural, and has no adverse effects at all on the body — not even

"It's so exciting — I can hardly sleep!" exclaimed Mrs. Jacob of Abner Memorial High School, Delhi, as she reviewed with me the school's efforts at non-formal education during the past year. I share these with you, as many educational institutions are now looking for concrete ways of implementing NAEP, and to the experience of others as a directive and a pattern for their own searching efforts.

The Non-formal Education and Adult Literacy Project in the school began a year ago on a compulsory basis for Classes IX and X as 'Work Experience'. The project was allocated six periods a week on the school time-table, and marks were allocated as with any other subject. This equal status and importance given to the NFE and AL classes had the desired effect of the children bringing to their work the same interest and application as they did to the other subjects, and of the parents accepting the project in spite of some initial resistance to the exposure of their children to the lower sections of society. Target areas were chosen in and around the homes of the students themselves — Chandni Chowk, Darya Ganj, Turkman Gate — the crowded spots of Old Delhi where has arisen a prospering business community in the midst of poverty and oppression.

Initially, sixteen centres for children were set up, followed by others exclusively for adult learners — making a total of thirty centres. Surveys

ADULT EDUCATION

CHILDREN ACCEPT

were made and participants identified by the child teachers, aided by a specially recruited staff of a Campaign Manager, three supervisors and two craft teachers, who keep close contact with the teachers and the taught. Criteria for evaluation include the performance of the participants, the growth of social sensitivity in the young teacher, his or her relationship with the participants and the community from which they come, and the choice of teaching methods. Such a method of evaluation obviously called for several hours of testing at the close of the last academic year. "I made each learner read a passage to me," explained Mrs. Pamela Singh, "and I marked the child-teacher according to the progress made by his or her class." If this programme has been such a success, it is due largely to the staff, so committed and generous with their time.

Another interesting feature of their programme has been in the successful motivation of peons and other such employees of the school in running literacy centres, in addition to those run by the students. Ram Shakal, a peon, has successfully taught 'thelawallas' on the pavements of Darya Ganj — mainly youngsters bet-

ween 15 and 20 years old. Since these folk migrate periodically back to their villages, he has also begun a second centre for construction workers on Barakhamba Road. George, another peon, goes to his two centres at Khan Market and Kotia Mubarak Puri after his own work at the school. The night chowkidar has also been motivated to open a centre for the Rajasthani kathputliwallas who camp around the area of the Shadipur Milk Depot. Of course, these efforts on the part of these employees do yield a welcome and much-needed extra income — but the important factor is undoubtedly that special 'something' which makes a chaprasi volunteer for this kind of effort, saying, "After all, I have studied up to Xth class, let me also help".

What is unique about this programme is the possibility extended to each child to earn a tidy sum of Rs. 75 per month. A class of 30 participants fetches Rs. 60 in addition to the flat sum of Rs. 15 given to each child-teacher. "Why did you choose to pay the children?" I asked. "They are participating in a nationwide programme. They must feel a sense of responsibility for the work they do, and should receive due recognition for their services by way of adequate



THE CHALLENGE

Gladys D'Souza

remuneration." I was particularly happy with this decision of Mrs. Jacobs to share with the children in this way the grants received. Not only is initiative encouraged and rewarded, but a responsible and a professional attitude towards work is simultaneously cultivated.

The young teachers in the field work in pairs — one from Class IX and the other from Class X — to ensure continuity. The school bus takes the children to their respective centres, but the children find their way home. The supervisors find time during the 90-minute class to visit at least two of the three to five centres entrusted to each of them. **Anu Agarwal, working at Arghara Katra, a dhobi ghat in the Chandni Chowk area, was somewhat disappointed to find that the children she taught last year no longer turn up for class. They are now attending a local municipal school!** I could understand Anu's disappointment as she had grown rather close to those she had taught. They had even visited her to celebrate Holi together. Anu has yet to understand her success as an educator — so well has she instructed her 'pupils' that they can now attend a local school and fend for themselves.

From literacy to economic self dependence, that is the logical step, and the Abner team is already exploring the ways in which this can be made feasible. Mr. and Mrs. Masih, two members of the team who have specialized in craft, are working to train various groups in weaving, sewing and embroidery for which they are also busy locating market facilities.

Some child-teachers have made no small achievements in their one year of work. Total illiterates now read newspapers after one year's instruction. "I just don't know how they managed it!" marvelled Miss Charan, a member of the staff. While the student-teachers grew aware of the problems of the staff and appreciated them, the teachers in all simplicity admired the pedagogical talents of these children. I can see the very vertical relationship that usually characterizes all teacher-students contacts, developing into a horizontal one, in which teachers and students become co-learners within the reality they explore together.

Evaluating the choice of teaching methods is a wise decision of the staff, as it indicates recognition of the particular gifts of children in communicating with peer group. A methodology for the non-formal education of children could well be abstracted from the pedagogical experiments of these young instructors.

Both the staff and students now feel the need to integrate theory with their practical work. A few lectures in Sociology have been planned by Feisal Alkazi, the Campaign Manager. Mrs. Pamel Singh began the year by sharing with the pupil-teachers what she had found helpful during the summer session of "The Classroom, the Syllabus and Social Concern", a seminar held in Bombay in the summer of 1978. She alerted the children to the dynamics of physical, cultural and economic power in society. This was much appreciated, es-

LEARNING AND TEACHING IS A TWO-WAY PROCESS. IN AN EXPERIMENTAL PROJECT CHILDREN TEACH ADULTS AND LEARN TO SEE THE WORLD FROM A FRESH ANGLE

pecially by those who had already had some field experience.

An effort is also being made to explore the potential of the existing school syllabus and classroom teaching to better equip the children for their NFE and AL classes and in this it takes its cue from the goals of the NAEP. The National Adult Education Programme differs from the government-sponsored literacy drives of the past in the expressed recognition of the fact that literacy is to be combined with a critical perception of the social reality; that the poor can liberate themselves through literacy, dialogue and action. There has been a growing consciousness in this decade of the forces generating wealth and poverty. There is a persistent demand for justice, for a fair share for all. Church thinkers, sensitive to

the world trend, have also parallelly concluded that "education is meant to awaken a critical sense towards society, towards the way people live and the values they adopt. In developing countries, the main aim of education should be to awaken people's consciousness. People should be aware of their situation and... experience a call to change things for the better, through and through" (Synod III). There is a determination in this post-colonial era, to strive for a deeper, a more genuine liberation.

What the young child-teachers of Abner Memorial School communicate to those who attend their classes should be a sharing of their own studied reflection. Institutionalized formal education thus becomes dynamized, grows more relevant and concrete in its service, and overflows to the local community. A recent publication **Education to Reality Through the English Language** (1) is an attempt to provide the kind of educational material needed in such a venture. The text combination is unique — language teaching with creating social awareness. Four types of material can be distinguished in this text. One illustrates situations of poverty and deprivation in India; another, similar conditions in other parts of the world which can help to widen the factual knowledge of the child while exploding the myth that all is 'wonderful' abroad.

Third world poverty is thus projected not merely as a tropical or a cultural problem, but an economic one produced by a specific politico-economic system.

The third type of unit attempts to offer a theoretical framework within which the child can fathom the functioning of an economic system that simultaneously generates wealth and success for a few, while creating poverty and failure for the majority. To be meaningful, growing social consciousness should impel to action, and as such various possibilities for action have also been suggested.

Hindi lessons have been ingeniously worked out in the text to go with the thought content of the English classes. The child thus finds herself with an easier task — to assimilate fewer ideas at depth, and the skills to express these ideas in two languages. Language study is thus directly related to the reality within which the child lives.

The input in the classroom, on whatever subject, must clarify important questions for the young

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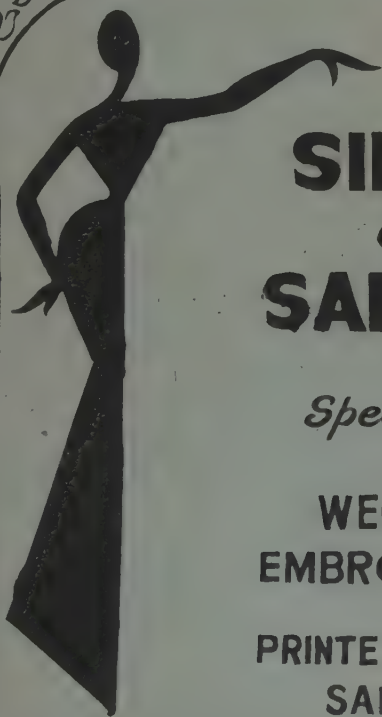


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IMPACT

PASSING THROUGH

"About two years ago, I happened to hear a rock record about a slave girl being sold in the market place. Its background rendition of Egyptian rhythms cast a spell over me — it was like a thunderclap saying, 'this is what you're supposed to do with your life'. It was an authentic feeling," and resulted in the making of what Michele Payne is today, a belly dancer.

An American belly dancer? But isn't that only for the Arabs, one wonders. "There was this Moroccan chap who apparently said that we Americans can't 'feel' Mid East music. I proved him wrong after he saw my show," says Michele as if to quell our (similar) doubts.

Till this thing 'happened', the theatre was her forte. She'd performed in Washington D.C., Maryland and New York. Then came the transition, and ever since, she has been at Serena Wilson's studio in New York, first as a student and now as a teacher. In the States, as everywhere else, Michele, or Maya as she calls herself in the profession, found that for the people who had studied or understood this form of dancing, it was an obsession. And like nearly every other classical dance in the world, it too has its background steeped in religion. For example, the world famous "Dance of the Seven Veils" was performed by Omar for John the Baptist. But at the same time, numerous strippers and cabaret girls have cheapened it — "their rendition being from 'Dance of the seven veils' — to nothing!," she says disgustedly, but nevertheless with a touch of humour.

But a fair-skinned, light-haired, light-eyed belly dancer? How does the audience react to that? "I'm different to look at. That in itself is an attraction. Then I also know that I won't be compared to an Egyptian girl. That's an advantage because they have been brought up with this music and it comes more natural to them than to me or any other foreigner. It's like your Indian classical dancers. Only the Indian women can do full justice to them. I tried learning Bharata Natyam from an American in the States. But let me confess, it sure is damn difficult. Regarding my complexion, I am trying to acquire a tan, but as I burn easy, I have to go about it very gradually."

MICHELE PAYNE

American Belly Dancer

Amita Sarwal

About the daring and revealing costumes that one associates with belly dancers: "I usually wear far more than the others — two or three full skirts, giving it more of a gypsy-ish effect. Besides, I like to leave something for the imagination," she smiles. "But at other times I wear a lot less — and show a great deal of leg," she admits.



Michele's performance depends upon her feelings, the rhythm and the audience reaction. When she is happy and it's fast music, "my smiles are for the audience. I wear a happy face. Similarly, the slow numbers make me moody and sad."

Of her teaching experiences, "I have 80-year-olds coming to me, just for the exercise of it. It sure is great to see them loosening up. Of the other students, about one out of every five wants to go professional, and only half that number really make it."

"When I grow too old to dance, I'll go back to TV commercials (she was just starting on those when she first got mesmerized by Egyptian music) for they're always looking for grandmothers! But till then, as I am very ambitious, I hope to make it to the top in this field."

And so from Cairo, the home of belly dancers, where she was a tremendous success, to Singapore, where the audience raved about her, and now at the Oberoi, Bombay. She has the privilege of being the first belly dancer to perform in India.

MARJORY LYON

AMBASSADOR OF GOODWILL

Currently touring India as a member of Comex-9, the Commonwealth Expedition, is a very charming ambassador of goodwill, young Marjory Lyon. Born in Aberdeen, Scotland, lovely



Marjory was educated at Hollygirt Independent Girls School in Nottingham, and later at Bretton Hall, Leeds, from where she took her B.Ed. in Drama and Theatre Arts. Later, she won a Rotary Scholarship to Copenhagen University, where she studied Danish Art and Culture for a year. In 1970, Marjory visited N. America on the Roosevelt Memorial Travel Scholarship, where she studied all aspects of Drama and Theatre Arts for a year. Marjory now lectures in East Derbyshire College.

Marjory's creative bent is not surprising, considering her artistic family background. Her father was an artist and sculptor. She herself has been painting from childhood, and was released from school to attend a college of art. She has also written several children's stories for the B.B.C., and several children's plays. Marjory has also established a children's group known as The Singing Sardines, and they have performed in Paris, Stockholm, etc. Versatile Marjory is the director of Radio Trent. She produces 5-6 major plays a year. She is the producer of the Comex programmes which are being staged all over the country. It was also she who designed the Comex-badges which are being distributed to school children all over India. Fond of reading, Marjory's choice centres on poetry, drama and autobiography.

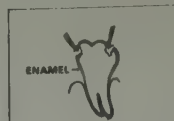
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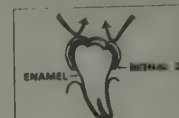
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from penetrating teeth
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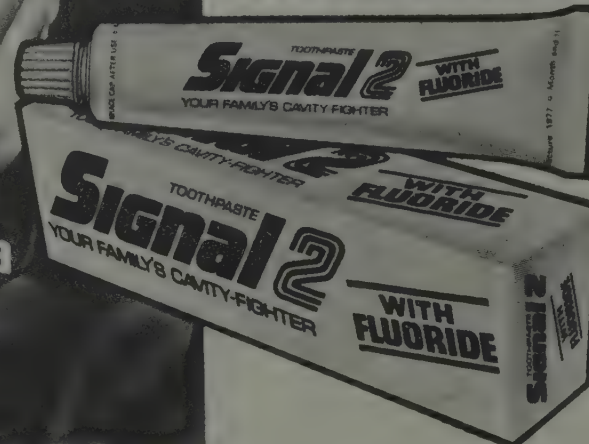
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FARMING OUT HEALTH AT RS. 1000 A WEEK

Continued from page 43

Serious diseases like tuberculosis, cancer, leprosy, polio, paralysis or advanced cases of malignant hypertension are not treated. No surgical operations are carried out at the ashram. Women suffering from obesity and wishing to lose weight form the bulk of the patients who visit the Ashram.

The use of stomach wash and enema is advocated at the ashram, but no ayurvedic treatments are conducted. Many ailments, including gastric disorders, obesity and skin diseases, have been cured. But most patients find the treatment too long drawn out and become impatient. The ashram is becoming increasingly popular, but its success depends on the determination and perseverance of the patients who are required to stay at the Health Farm during the course of the treatment. Nature cure, like physiotherapy, is a

prolonged process and the response is slow. It is not like the immediate effect one experiences when a drug is administered. Mr. S. D. Shah, an architect in Bombay, makes regular trips to the Health Farm in spite of the inconvenience involved, for he is greatly pleased with the treatment available at the ashram.

The organization of a Health Farm of this nature takes a lot of trouble and much thought. It is essential to find a suitable venue which is soothing to the nerves, for the environment plays a major role in relaxing the patient and preparing him for the treatment.

Mrs. Nain, too, plans to begin a Health Farm soon, but the site has still not been fixed. To be successful, the Health Farm must be located fairly close to a major city, since filmstars, businessmen, housewives, senior executives, airline stewardesses and foreign tourists are the mainstay of the Farm.

Mrs. Nain feels that heal-

th rather than beauty should be emphasized. Oil massage is an important part of physiotherapy and must be included at a Health Farm, as it helps in relaxing and toning up muscles and improving blood circulation. It also improves the muscle tone after a surgical operation. She did feel, however, that osteopathic treatment is purely medical and therefore there is no reason to include it at a Health Farm.

Both Mrs. Nain and Mrs. Bans feels that Health Clubs being conducted by five-star hostels cannot be run on a more economical basis. Whole teams of staff-workers have to be paid, arrangements have to be made for food, lodging, linen, toiletries and expert guidance. Hygiene and sanitary conditions must be of the highest order. The time, effort and interest involved in such a project are stupendous and it is not surprising why other organizations are not coming up with similar schemes. The initial preparations are just too tedious.

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS

Continued from page 31

sank deeper into the soft sand. He tried again and again but they only sank deeper and deeper.

He made Lauren take the wheel while he pushed and strained but it was of no use.

The burning desert lay brooding in the unbearable heat, hostile and desolate. They had little food and even less water. Their knowledge of desert survival was slight. Panic could prove fatal. Trying to think calmly, she said to Peter, "What will happen when we're missed?"

He shrugged. "You know, everyone leaving Akhmar has to report details of any trips to Transport Department. When a vehicle fails to report in, search procedures are put into operation." There was an expression on his face that she did not at first understand, then as comprehension dawned, she said in horrified tones, "Peter, you did tell Transport?"

Abjectly he shook his head. "In the rush of oversleeping, I forgot." He gave a helpless shrug. "Whatever we do Lauren, we must stay with the car—that's the cardinal rule of desert survival. If we try to walk, we'd end up going round in circles. The car roofs are painted white. Easier for the helicopter to spot."

As time passed, she held Peter's hand. Like two children lost in the night, they found comfort in each other's presence. Finally with the water practically finished, Peter slept. After a while, he opened his eyes. With a sense of shock, Lauren realized he did not recognise her. His voice was slurred with delirium. "I didn't mean to leave you, Tracey. I love you. I've always loved you."

Lauren felt she must be dreaming. It was the heat which was making her delirious. Peter and that photograph of Tracey on Blake's desk formed part of the nightmare. As Peter sank into a deep sleep, she began to wonder if death walked in that hostile infinity of sand around them. She wept because she had never been able to tell Blake how much she loved him.

To be concluded

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading bookshops and the MacMillan Company of India Limited.

PAPER PATTERN-7a

Sheroo Cooper

COOPER'S TAILORING AND
CUTTING ACADEMY

MIX AND MATCH
ENSEMBLES

Salwar Kameez

Measurements:

(FOR THE KAMEEZ)

Length of Waist = 38 cms to 39 cms.

Bust = 86.5 cms. Waist = 67 cms.
Hip = 94 cms.

Full length = 104 cms to 105 cms.

See the pull out in this issue for the actual size paper pattern and instructions for the kameez. The paper pattern for the salwar will follow in the Eve's Weekly issue dated May 26, 1979.





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Mahim : Next to Citylight Cinema,
Bombay-16. Phone: 456310

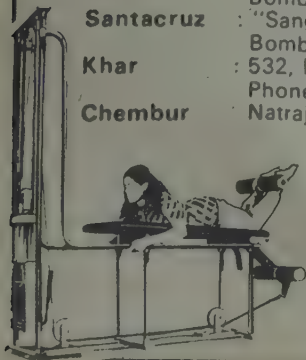
Santacruz : "Sangam", S.V. Road,
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From the House of **MY** Cosmetics
FAIR
LADY

Continued from page 39

still unmarried."

1928 marks an epoch in the long and sad history of child marriage. The Joshi Committee, headed by Sir Moropant Joshi, was founded in order to do a complete research on this subject. A startling discovery derived from the report was that child marriages which were thought to be prevalent only amongst Hindus were also flourishing amongst Muslims. According to the report, of the total number of the under-15 married girls, 48.4 per cent were Hindus and 37.01 per cent were Muslims. Even the apparently highly-educated Brahmins of South India normally married off their children before the age of 15. In U.P., the Kunbis sent their girls to their husbands' homes even before puberty. The Muslims married off their daughters at the age of two or three and sent them to their 'rightful homes' soon after puberty.

The Joshi Report strongly condemned early maternity. "It contributes very largely to maternal and infantile mortality; in many cases it wrecks the physical system of the girl and generally leads to degeneracy in the physique of the race... After going through the ordeal, if a woman survives to the age of 30, she is in many cases an old woman, almost a shadow of her former self. Her life is a long lingering misery and she is a sacrifice at the altar of custom."

Eleanor F. Rathborne, the author of **Child Marriage: The Indian Minotaur**, was confidentially told by one or two members of the Joshi Committee, "...things are far worse than they are described in the Report, because we did not wish to excite or provoke unnecessarily the feelings of orthodox people".

As a result of this Report, on October 1, 1929, an Act prohibiting marriage of girls under 14 and boys under 18 was passed. Now the Child Marriage Restraint Act has fixed the age of marriage at 18 years for girls and 21 years for boys.

Public opinion and awareness, though important, cannot alone wipe out this social evil. Only a vast body like the Government with its funds and the infrastructure can organize large-scale movements at the national level. The readers of this article are already aware and do not need educating. But they can add their mite by educating the under-privileged and the backward sections around them.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

THE GREAT GAMBLE

....The first hole has been drilled into the armour of Sikander Alexander Amitabh. **The Great Gambler** gamble has not paid off; the film is a flop, rather the film is another **Shalimar**.

Shalimar producer-director Krishna Shah has closed down his Lakshmi Productions. He went underground to pop up in London. He is busy criticizing, condemning the Indian audiences because they revealed taste and rejected his **Shalimar**.

Shakti Samanta, being more shrewd, does not blame the audience (after all he has to deal with them). Instead, he and his partners are giving collection numbers of **Jhoomritalaiya** and **Chinchpokli**. And when a producer whose film is released in Bombay talks of **Jhoomritalaiya** in Berar it means doom.



Amitabh's reaction to his first flop after his success was "I don't care". But of course he has to care, especially since his next is **Jurmana**, which very few buyers cared to pick. Then I can understand it if people had criticized **Gambler** but praised Amitabh. I have yet to meet anyone who has spared him either, and whenever Amitabh is in crisis, be it **Jurmana** or **Gambler**, folks turn to **Rajesh Khanna**. His **Janata Hawaldar**, which is doing fair business in Delhi, is described as a big hit and his trimmed, clipped and ready-for-release **Amardeep** is considered a super hit. Producers suddenly find Rajesh's house on-the-way to drop in. A guy from Chunibhai Kapadia's clan managed to hold my attention for five minutes when he said "Rajesh Khanna is divorcing Dimple she has developed rash on her right hand."

"But I must tell Rajesh rash is not a sufficient cause for divorce; the court may say that she develops it as an allergy to him."

"He is not divorcing her for the rash. I am bad with the punctuation marks. I forgot the comma between the two phrases," said the guy.

*

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*

Danny, Subhash Desai's only aulad, presented daddy an unusual present. At the cosy party held at **Shalimar Hotel**, he brought a new date whom he announced as his fiancée! By the time I reached Subhash's party, Danny had left with the birthday present. There was a quick family decision over Danny's choice. "She is nice," said Chandan, Subhash's wife. "She is not rich, but 'khaté pité ghar ki,'" informed Subhash. "So brother, we did not marry Birla's daughter, did we?" said Man. "I believe in earning on my own, why depend on the wife's money."

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BOMBAY

The Crafts Council Of Western India held their second exhibition 'Crafts for Interiors II' at the Jehangir Art Gallery, inaugurated by Mrs. Vijaya Rajan, Chairman of the Council. There were several unusual and intricately designed handicrafts on display from our Western States. A special feature this time was a display of selected handicrafts from Kerala and demonstrations by craftsmen of some of Kerala's crafts.

Kamdar, the firm of architects, interior designers and furnisners held a very unusual exhibition of ceramic jars from all over the world. Some of the very large ones looked like they had almost stepped out of the pages of Ali Baba and the 40 thieves. For Bombayites, the exhibition was an entirely new experience, "an education,

not an exhibition" as one critic described it. The jars, devoid of any loud or unnecessary designs, had a statuesque dignity.

Mr. Sushilkumar Shinde, Maharashtra's Minister for Labour and Tourism inaugurated the 18th Bombay Suburban Exhibition of Child Art sponsored by Bombay Arts and Sports. Students from over 300 schools participated in this Maharashtra State On the Spot Paintings/Drawings Competition. The Chairman of the Selection & Judging Committee was Prof. V. K. Patil, Principal, Goa College of Art, Panjim.

The painting by 12-year-old Miss Putul Purohit from Lady Vissanji Girls Academy, Andheri East won the Sushila Trophy for the best painting for her school. The following students won the 1st prizes: In the age group: 1-9 years, Sashikant S. Simpi, Sri Pandurang High School; 10-12 years, Miss Putul Purohit, Lady

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

Vissanji Girls Academy; 13-16 years, Hitesh B. Swali, Sardar Patel Vividhlakshi Vidyalaya.

The Indian Bonsai Society held its second exhibition which was inaugurated by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, wife of Maharashtra's Governor. In her inaugural speech, she complimented members of the Society for promoting the love of nature in a city like Bombay.

The Indian Bonsai Society was founded in 1972 by a small group of enthusiasts led by Mrs. Suneeta Vaswani and Mrs. Ratna Thadani. The Society today boasts of a large membership and has frequent meetings where they hold workshops, lecture-demonstrations and regular classes.

A 35-year-old banyan tree in a two-foot pot, an entire riverside scenery miniaturised in three feet, a hanging lanscape, a flowering bougainvillea you can hold in the palm of your hand, and many other live miniature trees were on display.

Modithread is organising the first-ever Children's Needlework Contest to celebrate the International Year of the Child, for children between six and sixteen years of age. Using Modithread, they will have to work an elephant design (included in the Contest entry form) or any other design in specified measurements, in embroidery, knitting, tatting, crochet, applique or handicraft. There will be two age groups: between six to 11



1



3

1. Mrs. Coelho of the Sha-Sha Boutique, Bombay, held an exhibition of readymade garments and handicrafts, which was inaugurated by Mrs. Gulshan Ewing, editor, 'Eve's Weekly' and 'Star & Style'. Here Mrs. Coelho (centre) is seen with her helpers.

2. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali inaugurated an exhibition held by the Indian Bonsai Society in Bombay. Seen with her, are, Mr. Ram Batra, Sheriff of Bombay, guest of honour, and Mrs. Sunita Advani, acting president of the Society.

3. Seen at a party held by Polydor in Bombay, to felicitate Pandit Ravi Shankar on his 59th birthday, are, from left, Ustad Alla Rakha, Mr. V. J. Lazarus, manager, Marketing and Sales, Polydor, Mrs. Lazarus and Pandit Ravi Shankar who is Polydor's exclusive worldwide artiste.

4. A child from Cheshire Home, Burnpur, inaugurating the dolls' exhibition organised for the IYC by Mrs. Ratna Chandrasekharan on behalf of the University Women's Association, Asansol at Burnpur.



2



4

years and between 12 and 16 years. Winners in both age groups are eligible for a national prize of a Modithread scholarship worth Rs. 1000. Those interested may contact all Modithread dealers, craftshops, depots and distributors, or **Chic** magazine.

mani said that in villages children between the ages of one-six suffer from malnutrition and anaemia. She outlined their programme for the International Year of the Child and said that such medical camps will be held in different areas every month with proper follow-up measures.

DELHI

Vimla Virmani, Convenor of the Committee of Education and Culture and Vimal Raghu Raj, Convenor of the Health and Hygiene Committee of the National Council of Women in India, organised a medical camp to immunize children living in Hauz Khas, in observance of the International Year of the Child. The Delhi State Council of Women is running a free primary school for children of all castes and creeds in this village. Vimla Vir-

CALCUTTA

The annual handicrafts exhibition of the Muslim Girls' Orphanage is an event looked forward to by connoisseurs of embroidery in Calcutta. This is the oldest and largest orphanage in Eastern India. The girls are educated upto Class IV and are trained in various handicrafts. The women's committee tries to get them married too. This year the exhibition was inaugurated by the Chief Minister, Mr. Jyoti Basu.

AHMEDABAD

The Nartan School of Classical Dances organised a three-day dance festival in Ahmedabad — the Bharatiya Nritya Samaroh. It was inaugurated by the Union Minister for Information and Broadcasting, Mr. L. K. Advani. The festival consisted of dance demonstrations and discussions in the mornings and dance recitals in the evenings. It started with a recital of *surbahar* by Begum Nilofer Khan and a dance demonstration and discussion on Kuchipudi by Guru Shri C. R. Acharya and Smita Shastri; and on Odissi by Guru Shri Kelucharan Mohapatra and Sanjukta Panigrahi.

The following day Guru Shri Birju Maharaj assisted by Kumudini Lakhia demonstrated Kathak, while Guru Shri Bipin Singh and the Jhaveri sisters demonstrated the Manipuri style. The final day

had a Bharat Natyam demonstration by Guru Shri Kalyan Sundaram assisted by Sunita Pillai and a Kathakali demonstration by Guru Shri Krishnan Kutty and Ammu Kutty.

All the sessions were conducted by Dr. Sunil Kothari and the Samaroh was convened by Smita Shastri, director, Nartan School of Classical Dances.

LUCKNOW

Mrs. Chandrawati, UP's Minister for Harijan and Social Welfare, inaugurated a seminar on 'Child Labour', held under the auspices of the Lucknow Women's Association. The speakers highlighted the work conditions of these children and suggested steps to check this social malaise. Mrs. Chandrawati expressed the hope that women would come forward and help in this.



5. Mrs. Nargis Dutt delivering the inaugural speech at the release of Mr. C. Panchhiraj's novel 'Nai Subah', dedicated to children. Seen seated are, from left, the author, Mr. O. P. Rawal, who presided, and Mr. R. Patel, president, Janpad Panchayat, Indore.

6. Seen at the charity premiere of 'Rocky' organised by the Fund-Raising Committee of the National Society For Equal Opportunities for the Handicapped (NASEOH) are, from left, Mr. U. Sen, GM, Dempo Steamships Ltd., the sponsors, Mr. F. A. Fazelbhoj, vice-pres., NASEOH, Mrs. Mohini Mathur, chairman, programme committee, Mrs. Hira Pithawala, hon. sec. and Mrs. Bakul Patel, vice-c'man., Fund-Raising Committee.

7. At the inauguration of India's consulate-general in Karachi, are seen from left, Mr. K. S. Bajpai, India's ambassador in Pakistan, Mrs. Suneet Aiyar, Begum Ra'ana Liaquat Ali Khan, wife of Pakistan's 1st PM. At ext. right is Mr. Aiyar, India's consul-general.



6



7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK APR. 29 — MAY 5,

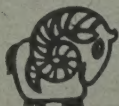
John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK:

A strong accent on the Twelfth House of your Solar chart gives the impression that the remainder of 1979 will be more a time of promise than an eventful phase. However, life will be sociable, enjoyable and any excitement will come from your love life, probably. You could also have one or two strokes of money luck. You should have a lucky touch with people in positions of authority. It is in late 1979 and early 1980 that life will get a lively boost from the stars and you will forge ahead. Business friendships will serve you well and there is luck in short-distance travel, meetings and interviews.

ARIES

(Mar. 22 — Apr. 20)



Mars, that vigorous planet, has been in your sign for some weeks, having a mainly beneficial effect. This star will move on soon and you may not then have the same enthusiasm you feel now. However, life will stay lucky, especially financially.

TAURUS

(Apr. 21 — May 21)



Soon, several planets will be in your sign, bringing a generally zestful atmosphere, quite exciting for your love life, but also aiding more practical ambitions. Catch up on the routine jobs. Make sure you have spare time to enjoy social life.

GEMINI

(May 22 — June 21)



You are about to enter an 'opportunity phase'. If you have special goals in mind, these can succeed if you have the necessary confidence. A series of helpful starry transits will give you that extra push, so get ideas into shape.

CANCER

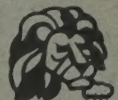
(June 22 — July 23)



Planets on the Midheaven of your Solar chart are a good sign for your worldly ambitions and you could soon do something to get these moving. However, life could be rather routine at present. The atmosphere will be more lively soon.

LEO

(July 24 — Aug. 23)



There would seem to be no clouds on your immediate horizon. In fact, you could considerably improve your status and prospects in the months ahead. Be alert to chances, your peak of good fortune depending upon your own particular birthdate.

VIRGO

(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)



It is quite a good week for financial matters, fine for adjusting the budget, making economies. You may be overlooking an asset and it is a good time to consider long-term securities. Late 1979 will see you branching out in new directions.

LIBRA

(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)



You have found life hard-working lately but planets will shortly be moving out of opposition to your sign and conditions will improve all round. However, minor problems will be with you for a week or two yet. Recent irritations will have sorted out some confusing conditions.

SCORPIO

(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)



Others will be calling the tune for a few weeks. You will be rather at the beck and call of close companions, could have some minor anxieties over loved ones. Much willing co-operation for your own ideas this week.

SAGITTARIUS

(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)



A strong accent on working life or home affairs, the services you perform for others. This might be your pattern for a few weeks, but the lighter side of life is also well starred at present. A rather romantic period. Curb your spending.

CAPRICORN

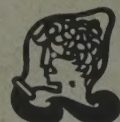
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)



A splendid week for domestic issues and if you have made changes in this area recently, they will work out well for you. In the immediate future, youngsters in the family will take your time and attention in a favourable way.

AQUARIUS

(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)



Relatives will be much in the picture, for some time ahead. A change of residence will be on your mind. Give a lot of attention to the ideas of your partner. Chances are that he is in a progressive and lucky period.

PISCES

(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)



The present planetary picture is rather favourable to you, will throw you together with people who can help your more practical ambitions, as well as providing happy companionship. The accent will be on friendships, also on your hopes and wishes for some weeks ahead, so be sure to communicate freely.

CHILDREN ACCEPT THE CHALLENGE

Continued from page 45

ty a natural and a normal phenomenon that will always be with us? Is poverty eradicable through systematic inputs of capital, technology, increased achievement and production, orientation and disciplined hard work — over a period of time that will call for patience in view of the time lag involved? Or is the need for a deconcentration of wealth as well? Perhaps even a change in the property-ownership patterns?

It is important to plot the analytical framework of our approach to the problem, to avoid confusion. Value education and character formation call for this clarity. What are the attitudes created towards poverty, and the poor? How is it viewed? A chastisement? A safety gadget from "the creeping moral degradation" invariably produced by much wealth? Is poverty, therefore, to be accepted, if not accepted gratefully?

Is, for example, the value of "sharing and caring" to be a sharing only of a part of the surplus that can be dispensed with in charity? Or is it to be a sharing of resources — financial and human? Is it to be a following, with patience, of paths traced out by nations and individuals who have made it? Or is it to be a sharing of the means of production? Or just providing facilities for the education of those who work for us even at the risk of such generosity rebounding in terms of increased costs of labour?

The school has yet to meet with more co-operation from the neighbouring housewives to free their domestic servants for a half-hour for literacy classes!

These then are some of the questions, dilemmas and challenges posed in the course of exploring seriously the scope and depth of this 'exciting' programme of non-formal and adult education. It has not been without its share of problems, and yet it is a challenge that demands to be faced and met without delay. It is a project with infinite promise, and offers a role to all those — be they social/rural workers, students, housewives — who can seize this opportunity of using the tool of non-formal and adult education as a means of bringing about change and social justice in our society.

1. EDUCATION TO REALITY through English Language by Sr. Gladys D'Souza and Fr. G. J. Gonsalves. Volumes A and B available from ETR Network, Gurukul, Sophia Campus, Cumballa Hill P.O., Bombay-400 026.

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